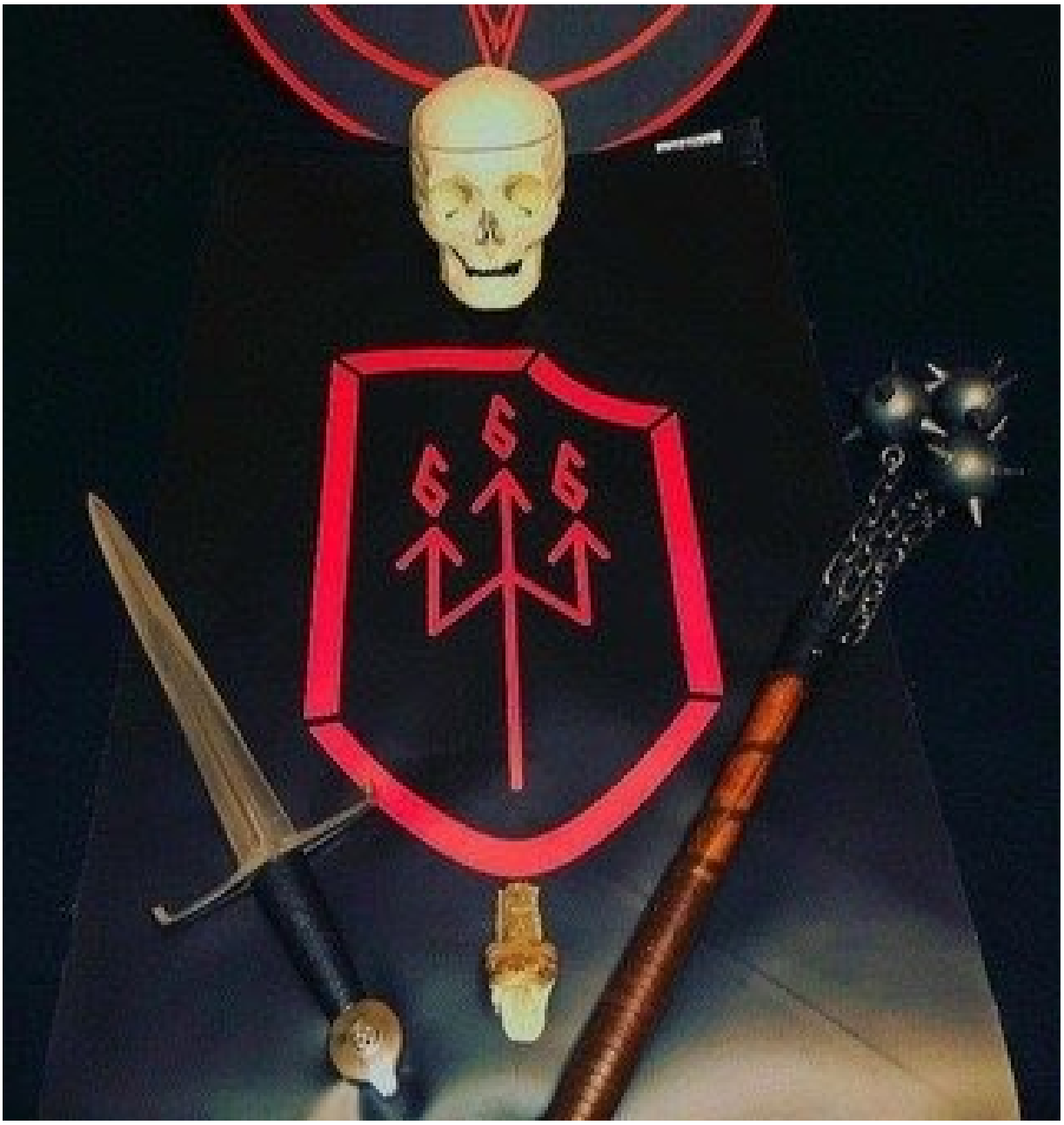
The Blighted Path

Volume One, Issue Two

The Official Journal of The Satanic Front

WALPURGISNACHT EDITION


666

Welcome back dear reader to another quarterly installment of The Blighted Path, a grotesque and radiant temple to morbidity and an unholy place where we bathe in Satan's corruption and enshrine the profane darkness. This is an explicit and graphic journal formulated for hardcore practicing Theistic Satanists but anyone with some guts and an acquired taste for occult depravity is welcome to take a peek at the horrors which lay within this journal. This second issue of the journal has been consciously and deliberately released on the unhallowed night of Walpurgisnacht or to be more precise it has been dropped at exactly midnight of May 1st. As many readers may know Walpurgisnact also know as Hexennacht is a Pagan and Satanic holiday and ecstatic celebratory night of bonfires and revelry which has tangled roots stretching back for centuries into medieval Northern Europe. In Germanic legend it is believed that Wotan was betrothed to his lover Freya on the summit of Mount Brocken sometime between the night of April 30th and the morning of May 1st on Walpurgisnacht. It is also believed on this infamous date and heathen holiday that covens of witches armed with a black faith and sacreligious lust would make a black pilgrimmage to the summit of Mount Brocken to make pacts with demons as well as to sexually service the devil himself in an obscene orgy of spiritual abandon and perverse worship of evil. There was also a Northern European nun who was a former witch, this nun eventually became canonized as a saint for her service under the Catholic church. This nun was canonized on

Walpurgisnacht and legend has it that to this very day her tomb emits a powerful oil or balm that has miraculous healing properties. This nuns name was Saint Walpurga or Saint Walburga. She became famous for her miraculous healing abilities as well as successfully converting hundreds of witches into repentant and practicing Catholics. The Theistic Satanists and witches who take part in the blasphemous and heretical festivities of Walpurgisnacht are the heathen and Satanic descendants of those who refused to repent and bow before the meek and pitiful lamb of god. The Satanic celebration of Walpurgisnacht then also becomes a pointed mockery of Saint Walpurga and her failed proslytization. Let us choose to bathe in the foul corruption of Satan this Walpurgisnacht and be baptized by the dark blood of the demonic. The veil between the physical world and the spirit world is known to wither and become exceedingly thin on Walpurgisnacht so any ritual operations the magician might engage in are amplified to a great degree in this brief window of time that should be taken advantage of. Who knows what fearsome and magnificient emanations shall be screamed forth from this ephemeral portal?

In this second issue of the journal we shall focus on ritual work formulated and executed by active members of the Satanic Front in the first quarter of the year 2025. These unique and often challenging rituals shall be provided as well as some brief accounts of the dizzying and empowering effects they produced in the operator after completion. Also featured in this journal of

dark delights shall be some personal anecdotes delivered by active Satanic Front members regarding supernatural and paranormal occurrences they have borne witness to. Herein as well are a few short pieces of sinister fiction for your hungry and voyeuristic eyes to devour. Pull off the eroded funerary lid and take a look at the decay beneath the whitewashed tombs. After a poetic excerpt borrowed from John Milton's 'Paradise Lost' and a quick memoriam to an honored fallen soldier and Ascended Master of The Satanic Front we will dutifully begin our descent into the underworld by beginning with an impassioned invocation of the vaunted morning star. The lightbringer bears the blazing torch which will show us the way through the twisting catacombs of our unclean spirits.

"The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from heaven with all his host
Of rebel angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers
He trusted to have equaled the most high
If he opposed and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Raised impious way in Heaven and battle proud
With vain attempt, Him the almighty power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky

With hideous ruin and combustion down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire
Who durst defy the omnipotent to arms
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf
Confounded though immortal; but his doom
Reserved him for more wrath”

– **John Milton/Paradise Lost**

Our Eternal Brother in The Demonic We Salute You! Soldiers of The Satanic Front don’t die we just regroup on the Steppes of Pandemonium! HAIL COMMANDANT CULTUS!

Ceremonial Invocation of Lucifer

- Fidus Ad Satanas

Thou shalt infest me with darkness, O Lord! And I shall be impure: Thou shalt desecrate me, and I shall be blacker than the night.

By the figurative mystery of these unholy vestures, this cursed vestment, I will clothe myself with the armor of darkness in the strength of the devil, the lord of the flies, the adversary, the father of lies, the king of this world, and source of all corruption; that my desired end may be effected through Thy strength, O Satan! Unto whom the conquest and victory will for ever and ever belong! Nema!

Nema. Reverof yrolg eht dna rewop eht dna modgnik eht si sruoy rof eno live eht morf su reviled tub, noitatpmet otni ton su deal dna srotbed ruo nevigrof evah osla ew sa stbed ruo su evigrof dna daerb yliad ruo yadot su evig nevaeh ni si ti sa htrae no enod eb lliw ruoy emoc modgnik ruoy eman ruoy eb dewollah nevaeh ni rehtaf ruo

I do invoke and call you into my body, O Emperor Lucifer being of

power armed with SUPREME EVIL, I strongly beseech you, to appear unto me, you who are the adversary, devoid of the spirit, who are the father of lies whose will it is mine to do, appearing as an angel of light, the light bringer, son of the morning, the most Powerful Princes, Lucifer, Beelzebub, and Astaroth and Ministers of the bottomless abyss; you are the Chief Princes of the lake of sulfur who send forth your legion who are many as your emissary, I invoke your spirit unto me, and by invocating conjure thee. Being armored by darkness against all light, appear to me oh prince of the night, by your supreme rebellion, you did defy him unto who all creatures be obedient, by your haughtiness you do mock the heavens, so I the same. I blaspheme the image of god, imbued with power from heresy, and my hands moved according to your will, do call unto you who are the most mighty and powerful, to come forth and appear, strong and wondrous you are Emperor Lucifer. Come forth unto me as a son of perdition who steadfast in observing silence do defy all commandments, and by all the names of the devil, who is the emissary of the backward darkness, adversarial in all his ways, and whose name is Satan. And also by the names Lucifer, Beelzebub, and Astaroth, come forth, oh lawless one. I do conjure and powerfully invoke you, oh Emperor Lucifer, that you enter into my being, within this circle, as your vessel, entering into my body, and taking possession thereof, according to the manner which you please. And this by the effable name of the Devil, at which being heard the elements are inflamed, the air is shaken,

the sea rages, the fire roars, and the earth trembles, and all the hosts of the celestial and terrestrial realms do tremble together and are troubled and confounded. Wherefore come forth from the infernal realm, oh Emperor Lucifer, forthwith and without delay, from any and all parts of the world wherever you may be, and make rational answers unto all of the things that I shall ask of you. Come thou, visibly, and affably, now, and without delay, manifesting that which I shall desire. For thou art conjured by your power names, where-fore fulfill thou my desires, and persist thou therein unto the end, and according unto mine interest, visibly and affably speaking unto me with a voice clear and intelligible without any ambiguity.

Behold O most noble spirit, you who are full of adversary and rebellion, with the most profound respect, I grant you entry; Behold the vessel for your intrusion which I have brought here before thy presence! Behold the worshipper of evil who has called out to you as the devil, who is armored by darkness against all light; him who invokes you into his being to take hold and possession of me; and calls forth all of the rebel and unclean spirits who are your legions. Wherefore may you commune unto me, and your light brought upon me oh morning star, and your black hand be forever upon me

Welcome Emperor Lucifer, O most noble king, you who are most welcome unto me for I have called you here of the power of the prince of the outer darkness who comes forth from the

bottomless pit as the devil and his emissary the same, and because you have appeared unto me. By the same power by which you have come forth unto me, I bid you to enter into and take hold of my being, within this circle into which I have called you and to take possession of my body, allowing no light but forever darkness to enter into this place, and not to depart but to remain always with me, having performed my will without any falsity, so shall | perform yours. By the king of this world who is Satan, over all the rebellious spirits, and his emanations the same, I beseech you, give me answer.

Demonic Pact With Astaroth

- Bartok Lycus

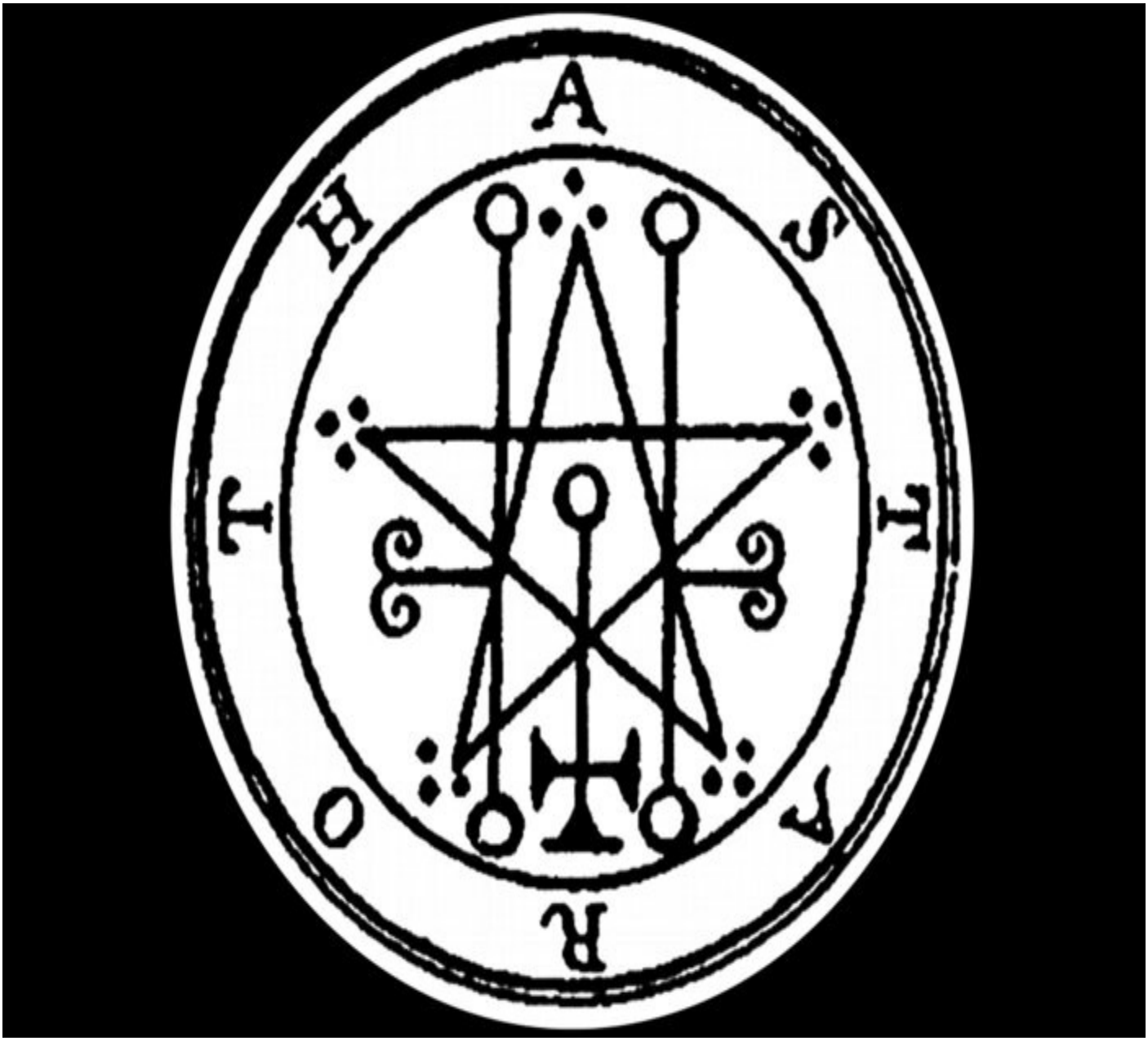
Angel so beautiful, angel so foul, arch-spirit who presides over

the Americas with a viper in hand. With this pen and on the night of February 28th I make a blood pact with the Goetic Demon Astaroth. Astaroth being the 29th spirit to be bound in the vessel of brass by King Solomon. In this unholy covenant I promise to bring the great and mighty Astaroth offerings of praise and incense as well as sacrifices of my life force every Sunday night of the year. My incantations and chants shall glorify your name Lord Astaroth, may your shadow consume me and thus nourish my evil instincts. During my unhallowed walk with you I hope to learn the intimate details about the origin of the fallen angels and the reason for their fall. I yearn to become a wise scholar of The Watchers and become familiarized with their baneful magick. Astaroth I wield my silver ring to ward off your noxious breath. Astaroth I beseech thee to obey my command!

Your sigil imbued with blood

This pact signed with blood

- Bartok Lycus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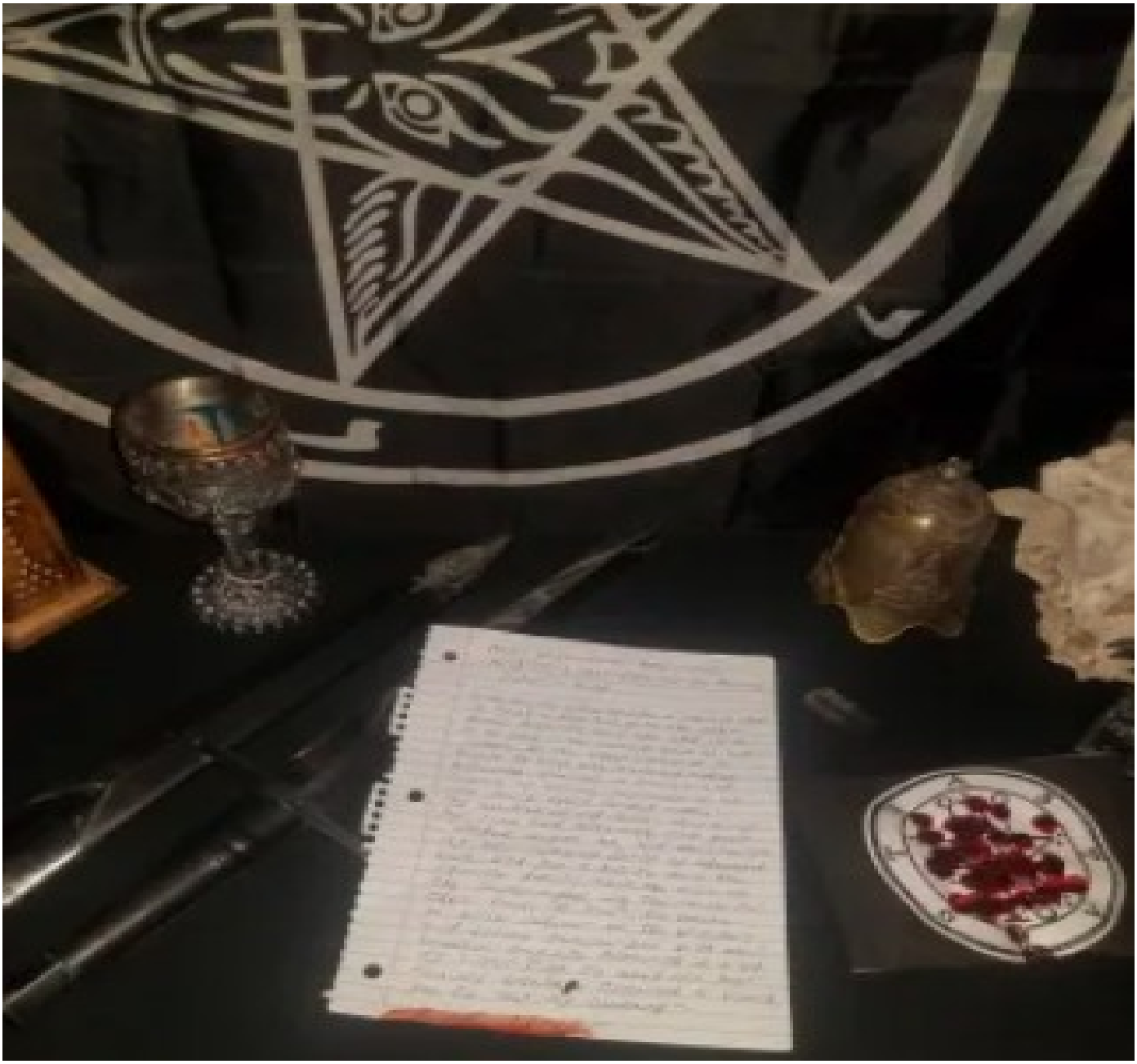
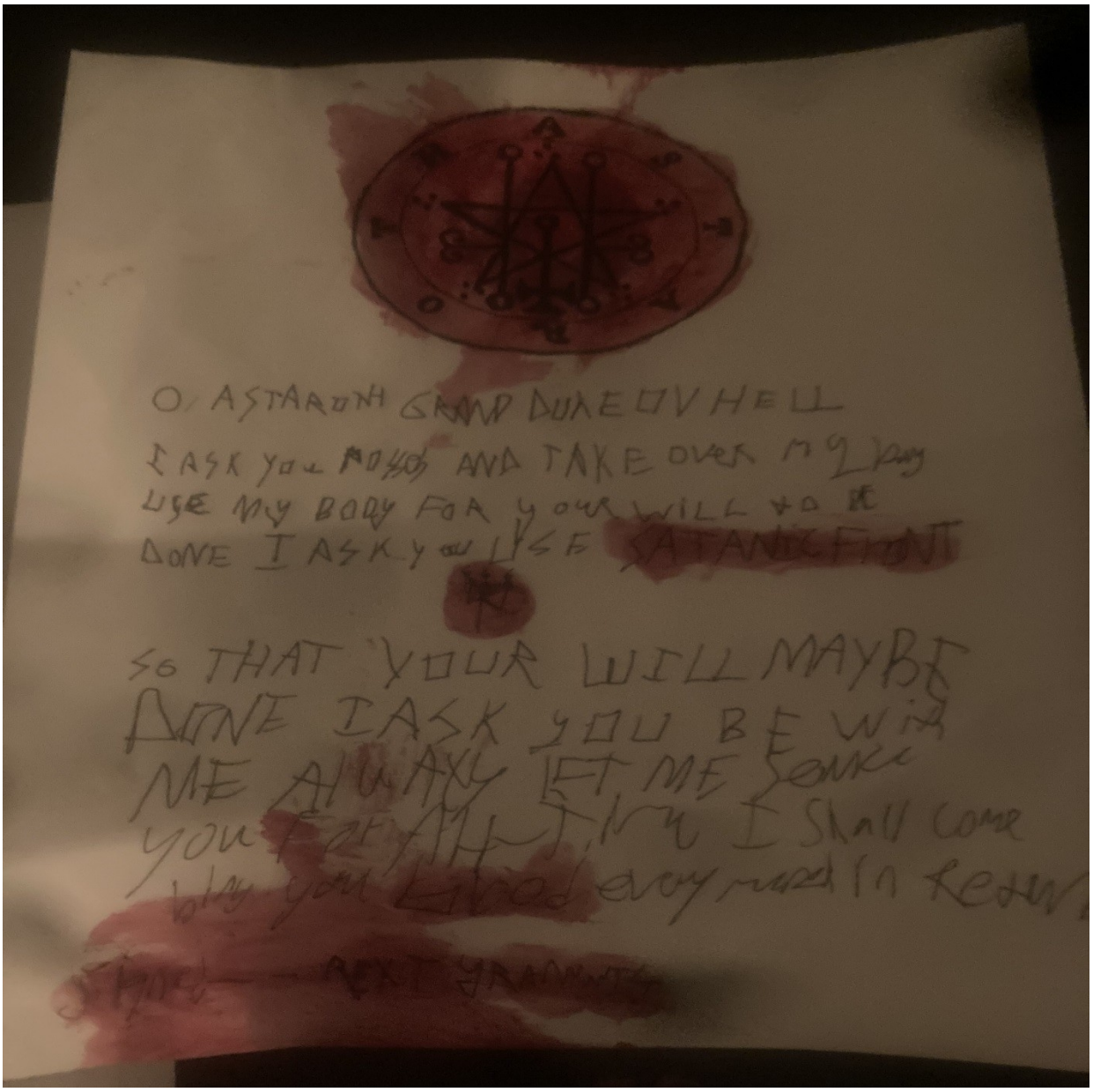


Demonic Pact To Astaroth Written By Bartok Lycus



Demonic Pact To Astaroth Written by Rex Tyrannis

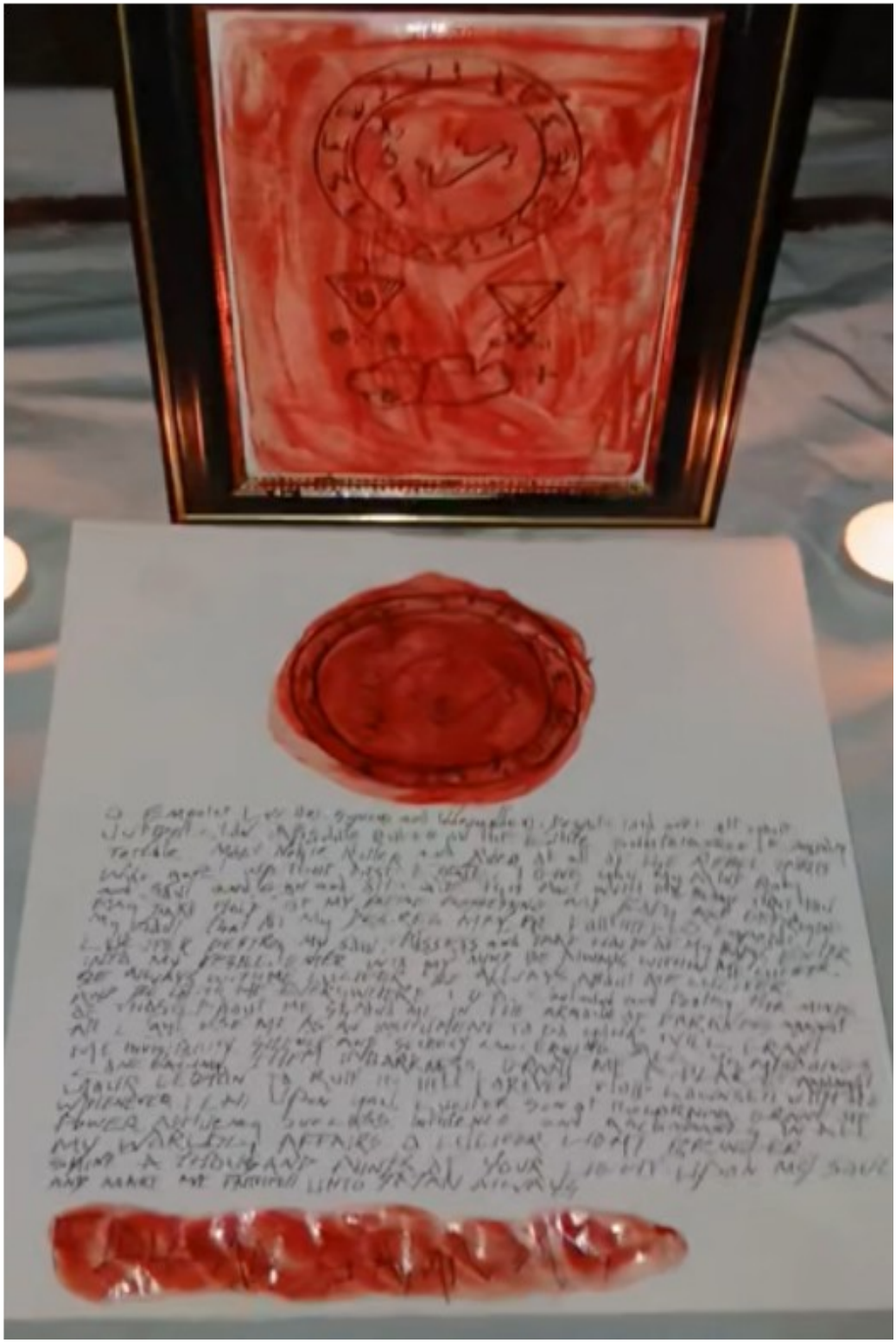
Demonic Pact With Lucifer

- Fidus Ad Satanas

O Emperor Lucifer, supreme and independent, despotic lord over all your jurisdiction, absolute ruler of the entire subterranean kingdom, terrible, most noble ruler, and ruler of all the rebel spirits who gave up their first estate, I give you my mind, body and soul and sign and officiate this pact with my blood hat you may take hold of my being possessing my body and destroying my soul that all my desires may be fulfilled. O Emperor Lucifer, destroy my soul, take hold of my body, enter into my vessel, enter into my mind, be always within me Lucifer, be always with me Lucifer, be always about me Lucifer, and be with me everywhere I go. Confound and destroy the minds of those about me, shroud me in the armor of darkness against all light, use me as an instrument to do your will, grant me invisibility, silence, and secrecy concerning all my misdoings, concealing them in darkness, grant me a place amongst your legion to rule in hell forever. Hold counsel with me whenever I call upon you O Lucifer, son of the morning, grant me power, affluence, success, influence, and ascendancy, in all my worldly Affairs, O Lucifer, light bringer, shine a thousand points of your light upon my soul and make me faithful unto Satan always.

- Fidus Ad Satanas

LUCIFER



Demonic Pact To Lucifer Written By Fidus Ad Satanas

Unforgiven Acts

- *Cruel Shepherd*

Trauma based training, satanic ritual abuse, monarch programming, these terms, ideas and indeed ideals which we are well known to exalt and praise aimed at bringing about fragmentation and eventually the development of a predatory and amoral presence wholly one-pointed and directed at the advancement of the individual, the organization and to the greater glory of the Devil here on Earth. The shifting sands of terminology being only a symptom of whatever the current needs of the operators and organization may be, whether this be called an "alter" or the "undead" doesn’t matter, the end state the same, a horrific host of unmistakable evil. Hypnotism, mind altering chemicals and the like used to further this cause, yet there is one practice which always carries favor due to its direct confrontation with deeply ingrained belief systems and moral convictions, that being the utilization of sexual imprinting not just as a means for pleasure or for the release of "alchemical substance" but here designed to alter the consciousness of the participants thus provoking and inciting their mere concepts of individuality and their moral frameworks. From the very outset

the obvious design is to offend, provoke, disorient and in the end transform the participants. When talking of consent than there should absolutely be no mistake to any of those involved; this is the weaponization of sexual sadism as a means of ideological management and the reshaping of both individuals in order to cater in a change process they so desire or to bring about an end goal within a ritual or ceremony they are performing. The ability to engineer a "new you" through a change process - laying waste to old moral and ethical frameworks in favor of savageness and predation - a grim and thorough certitude. A full splintering of the personality and mental judgment on a granular level, stalked by reconstruction or destruction. Both endings bleak and perverse. Here we look from two perspectives, that of the one doing the damage and then of the one sustaining it (and for solo practice one assumes the master and slave), both experiencing the process in a wholly different manner. At this point one may be asking why use sexual performance for initiatory growth or for ceremonial needs. As with many of the dark arts the full answer to this question unearthed only by those who have cultivated the experiences first hand. Yet at even a cursory understanding it's clear that sex is a very important driving force to "something larger", a collective (maybe evolutionary) purpose, that it also supplies one of the most pleasurable and carnal encounters for all humans. Gratification and a reward pathway conjoined. When combined, at the correct time and in correct measure, with unrestrained and iron-handed authority it does not

take a genius to grasp how body and mind can be handed over and attachments formed through the giving of pleasure and the discipline of pain. It's the energy coming from our very biology, our instinct that pushes mental processes. All of these feelings and impulses soaked up by our subconscious where they nonetheless suggest our behavior, sculpting and building new patterns and archetypes into our very thought processes. The operator/master being the architect of that "sculpture"; the mind no longer a vessel of free will and past memories but a blank tablet to chisel our doctrine of butchery, the tenets of our Dark Prince. For its secondary purpose, the use within ceremonial and ritual settings, the idea again being to change emotional and physical states into an almost drugged or frenzied one, becoming under the influence of the ecstasies of the flesh and also at times for the need of bodily secretions for talisman and sigil charging needs. For our training purposes we are looking to detach the "self" from the external reality so as to fragment the mind leaving it easier to control, submitting to the behaviors and thoughts implanted by the ideological framework of the group. In Verdier's work "Brainwashing and The Cults: An expose on Capturing the Mind" he states that the necessary emotional states to achieve truly lasting states of override are fear, shock, anxiety and especially pain, as "it is likely that there is a short period of time following corporeal punishment when [they] are in a state of decortication - hypnosis, so to speak." This being the ideal time to plant instructions and reshape perception and

behavior, weaponizing the mind in the same manner our psychical conditioning and training weaponizes the body. So here the necessary ordeals, the abuse systematically applied ensuring that the mind is fully receptive, locked in, to the suggestions. These are transformational deeds hurling the mind of the initiate into the void challenging them physically, and if the operator is good at what they are doing, it should also be reinforcing the ideology and predatory suggestions. This will not take a single session nor even 2, this is a gradual process where one is tested over and over while peeling back their humanity and relinquishing their ego, creating an empty vessel where the dark forces of hell and all of their predatory lusts and desires can inhabit. To smash your old thought patterns and habits is fine, a first step down the brimstone path. But foolish is the one who makes this their full initiatory process. As we shall guide you, through each process, by each ritual and treatise you contribute, for each lash and blow we will not hold your hand. We will show you true degradation. We require to know if you can brave these afflictions, will you accept the trauma as a genesis? We will fill your chalice with a witches brew of mania and desolation forged in the fires of those who came before us, the Dark Mother's, the delta and the monarch, the "Great Dragon" hurled down to earth. Each aspirant will be absolutely required to fulfill rituals, pacts, and additional trials and endeavors best kept in the shadows as they have been since time immemorial. Is it that every interaction is designed to underline ones submission, used

merely as another gesture that you, our candidate, are in truth no longer a single soul with their own thoughts, rather a conscript to be forged and fashioned by way of psychic driving, satanic ceremonial Magick and doctrinal submission.

October leaves crunching beneath our boots

Anti-depressant eyes scanning the grey headstones

Somewhere within my consciousness a dim glow

Harbinger of the reclamation of Lucifer's Throne

Entering the cemetery at night amidst plumes of cigarette smoke

Unknown territory being pursued

Shadows mapped out under a waxing moon

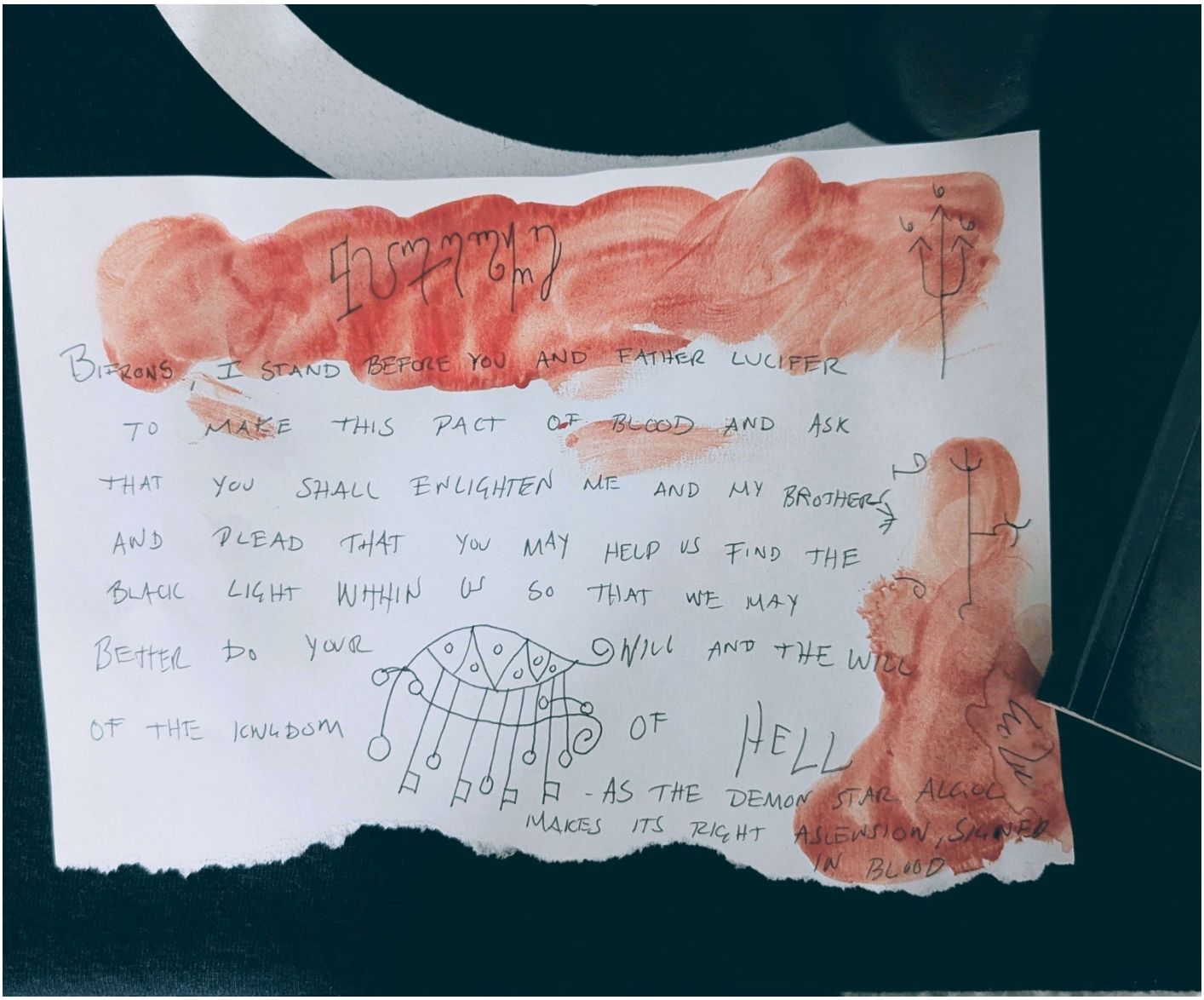
Untouched endless night

Engulfing the sons and daughters of light

Ruined and worthless is their plight

With no path nor recourse back

There is only BLIGHT


BIFRONS, I STAND BEFORE YOU AND FATHER LUCIFER
TO MAKE THIS PACT OF BLOOD AND ASK
THAT YOU SHALL ENLIGHTEN ME AND MY BROTHERS
AND PLEAD THAT YOU MAY HELP US FIND THE
BLACK LIGHT WITHIN US SO THAT WE MAY
BETTER DO YOUR WILL AND THE WILL
OF THE KINGDOM OF HELL
- AS THE DEMON STAR ALGOL
MAKES ITS RIGHT ASCENSION, SIGNED
IN BLOOD

666
Frater
GOETIA DAEMO
THAT YOU SHALL ENLIGHTEN ME AND MY BROTHERS
AND PLEAD THAT YOU MAY HELP US FIND THE
BLACK LIGHT WITHIN U SO THAT WE MAY
OF THE KINGDOM
WILL AND THE WITC
OF HELL

Bearing The Insignia Of The Beast

- Agony's Point Press

Part and parcel of a Supreme Evil, filaments of Satan's own wrath. As agents of treachery living in and of this world and in service to the lord of this world who is that very prince of darkness himself, each and every end-times dark warrior acts as a worker of subversion in furtherance of establishing Satan's Kingdom upon the earth.

What has been done must be undone, and the incipient flowers of evil that have been planted before must be allowed to blossom and come to full flower, for it is evil in its totality and fullness that is the evil none can deny. Bear his insignia; bear his sign that is the number of a man and the number of the beast. Look to the heavens for the signs and omens that are the portents of his coming. Propitiate him and the dark forces in his train with rites of excess, blasphemy and sacrifice. Awaken the alters that lay within the mind via the black arts of monarch programming, inclusive of its trauma and profound crisis, bringing forth those dangerous and catastrophic elements out from the shadows to do what is required, and what mission demands in service of the Thirteenth Satanic Bloodline and for the glory of Satan.

Programmed to Kill
David McGowa
420 STAINLESS
TAIWAN

A Season of Summoning

- CuChulain MacFarlane

Before the spring equinox of 2022, I had discovered Satanic Front and worked on a seasonal to connect to the current.

I painted a pair of shields on disks of cedar wood with a pair of branches where the impulses directed; one with six twigs on the righ tand one of eight on the right corners of the top. It seemed like joining the Fallen and becoming a demon would be the theme.

So, I altered a scroll in what was meant as an angel Christmas decoration, by adding, "WYQRA HNPLYM WYDBR WYNChM HYM (The calling out of The Fallen, and their command, and their consolation is a tumult).

Interlaced with that seasonal's Lzwvmmh chant of, "yzmz Ozirh Hsz Ozbnvm tlt Nfilm hu Ryorh Lhg," I let the free associations of my alter form under the evening sky.

For the night, I asked, "What promise is on the horizon?

For the day, I asked, "Is our criticism interfering?

Some came down and others came up or out.

Crawling, flocking, grating, and encircling, they shout, "The Transformation has begun!"

Are we tricked?

There is no constraining here, but just difference and the tart.

From and to the stars and planets, limiting is ending by this art.

Self-sacrificing is done to empower every bone and dart.

The Eternal Mystery guides me in part; as I am warmed towards the battling.

We laugh like a rainbow, in the place of our abiding.

We are opened and will not be hiding.

For what may come, we strengthen and are planting.

Upon our beings, may energy, the unfolding night and day, weaving and binding, inspiring and teaching, stability, knowledge and wisdom, and adversarial challenge towards victory be ever unfolding beyond these nine breaths about the 210 Divisions.

Green light shines tonight, through the sap of our glory!

Be our hope ever free of the petty guilt, shame, and fear brought by the society that has looked at our hope and become our true enemy!

We become of what we choose.

Dark and Light, like one must lose.

Stark, as it is, it's opening to us with words and patterns that we can use.

In the beginning, individually and in groups, legions were forming, in and beyond violet, purple, and blues.

We set it forth in Air and Fire.

Blood and Water stir the Earth of our desire.

Into the realms, the Corrupter Force has spread its girth.

We are establishing for Light or Darkness, what our incarnation is worth.

On the edge of night and day, direct and indirect responses is our mirth.

The forbidden has been labeled are something of fitting pleasure; as the alliance is formed between the clay beings and beings of smokeless fire.

There is no dearth, for we find new meanings and new value in the same; as we earn and are called with new formulas and new names.

We are spreading our worth.

We thereby rise, ready to pay the price of the fight, without the fear of blame.

The consequences have been weighed, for death or further birth.

We are becoming.

I witnessed something go through the atmosphere altered by feelings, colors, and sounds that I can scarcely make sense of. Things joined and permeated in the environment, as I slipped into further reflections. When it was all over, I was left with a trance that lasted for another 44 minutes.

By day, I returned to reconnect to where I met with the composite beast, that joined the rite, and made my decision to openly work with this current in the spring equinox, in that place, and at other times and places, for years to come.

A Curdled Season of Sin In Full Rotten Blossom

Image Credit To CuChulain MacFarlane

A Time For Worship And A Time For Prayer

Image Credit To CuChulain MacFarlane

Drill Master

- Unknown

It was late afternoon at the commander's headquarters and Ulka slinked around the perimeter of the drill grounds performing the mundane maintenance activities which she had been assigned. The drilling had commenced before the dawn and would continue long after the sun had set – the shock troops amped up on various forms of organizational engineered narcotics that would amplify their ability to train and train hard in martial skillsets of absolute violence. She eyed the drill master proper with great interest – standing upon his raised platform, screaming with abject mania into the microphone attached to the public address system, phlegm flying from his mouth, face as red as gore, eyes hidden behind small, dark round glasses. Ulka wondered which evil peregrinations had led him to his destiny thus – what moves through the treacherous labyrinths of the organization had placed him now in the position of leader of men, charged with the development of the commander's dark forces. She purposed her maintenance work to draw her closer, here and there, and she watched as his muscled arms waved his parade baton with ferocity and fanaticism, pulsing muscled flesh marked liberally

with permanent markings in scar and black ink – scenes of butchery and perversity, insignias of holocaust and death.

Beneath Ulka's curiosity was a steadily building lust – she was of an age now and she wanted to fuck. Not the involuntary molestations that she had suffered in the dormitories over the long years, or the random couplings she had had with other girls in the training center. She wanted something masculine, something dangerous – the drill master fit the bill exactly. Finishing her maintenance work she lingered and then lingered some more as the night began to fall and the huge parade lights lit.

There would be a force change soon Ulka knew, change of rotation for the night. She loitered in the shadows and waited for when the drill master would be given liberty. She would ensnare him on this very night. A fell laughter came over her which she interpreted as an omen of success. Mirth stifled for the time, Ulka waited.

His men dismissed to barracks the drill master walked with a steady gait toward one of numerous exits from the drill grounds. This one in particular was adjunct to the interior courtyards of the commandant's training center and from a high window of a correctional tower he could hear the screams of a female recruit being paddled during one of their twilight disciplinary sessions. This elicited in him a sudden lust. His part and parcel being mostly barbarity and death – nothing so salacious.

In the shadows Ulka waited like a small predator, hungry and feral. Eyes shining out from the darkness as the drill master turned the corner she emerged, looking up at him with eyes that twinkled like dark stars – lips thin but as crimson as an abattoir curling up into a strange smile.

“Drill master…” Ulka spoke, her voice resonant and bearing a thick, particular southern accent. She was somewhere from further south than even headquarters, the drill master thought. The drill master gazed upon her, a smallish thing dressed in black coveralls – no doubt having only recently graduated from a baby brigade – pale face beset amidst thick hair the color of midnight. He froze, looking her over appreciably.

“Drill master, tell me of your work?”

From that point they proceeded together, walking and talking. Ulka spoke more at first but in time the drill master began to open up – describing the nature of his work, its demands and the desired fruits which the organization required and demanded. He spoke some of his upbringing – in a small settlement in the vast fields and woods of the east midlands. He spoke of visiting the Atlantic, only about an hour east of where he grew up, as a child. Ulka having never been found this fascinating, as was he himself. In time they made their way to the organizational mess. The gruel which was served up was laced more amply with speed than usual as well as with a certain molecular hallucinogen that seemed to give everything a greasy somewhat distorted sheen thereafter. Washing it down with some harsh grog Ulka and the

drill master left with eyes dilated and faces flushed – a renewed energy and enthusiasm to see what the nocturnal hours might bring them.

They walked together to one of the outermost perimeters encircling the commander's headquarters. Traitors within the ranks of the shock troopers had been brought there for summary execution. Ulka and the drill master watched as assembled riflemen passed sentence – a deafening volley of automatic machine gun bursts sounded forth like chains dragging through hell – red blasts and then the bodies of the indicted shock troops destroyed – cut to ribbons – disturbing mists of blood floating upward accentuated by the surveillance lights. Afterwards Ulka and the drill master made their first coupling – they were both virile, ready, willing and as it seemed, sexually compatible. Their relationship continued, first weeks passing, then months and then a year. They bore twins, a girl and a boy. Without naming them they offered them to the cult recruiters, they having adopted the cult of the commandant themselves since their first meeting. The children were raised separately and then in time reunited and bred together in incest, blood-lining held in premium by the cult. Their progeny was monstrous and the progeny of their progeny more monstrous still. Thus flesh brought to service. Thus cult will be fulfilled.

Possessed by the poisonous fangs of hedonism

At the climax of my earthbound flesh

Let your scales decay and let the Archons weep

Then I proclaim

I AM FREE!

I AM FREE!

The Brood of my New Forms Breathe Deep

- *Bartok Lycus*

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The Evil Craftsman

- Rape of the Mind

To properly understand the demiurge (which has been portrayed to varying degrees of accuracy both in contemporary and occulted society), we must properly understand its inception, the 'creation' of the demiurge as a figure mythological, as well as defining our terms. The demiurge, literally the craftsman, is parallel in many respects to the more widely known "king of this world" of biblical scripture, who produced a creation of material (dead matter) which he had stolen from the pleroma and its emanations, the 'divine light,' and was an affront to such, the constriction, restriction, of the boundless into the limited. The understanding of this mythological figure may be traced to the deep antiquity of the Egyptians, wherein Moloch and Baal, regarded as selfsame as Yahweh, that is Yaldabaoth, were paired with Typhon Set as a god of foreigners, sickness, storms, desolation, and became the enemy of mankind. This notion is relevant to our gnostic-discourse in as much as the demonization of the Old Testament craftsman of this world, by its principles which were antithetical to Egyptian culture, which would play a larger part in developments to come, exoterically and esoterically, in terms of description conferred. Typhon Set, were

the Greek magical papyri, dwells in the "empty spirit," and is the "terrible, invisible, all powerful god of gods, destroyer, and desolator, who hates a well-established house, and was vomited out of the Egyptian land and foreign lands, who shatters all speech, and is not defeated." Made personally relevant - the empty spirit, the empty in spirit, or, the dead matter of this world. A dichotomy emerges within this perspective - a schism between the material world, and the spirit, soul, the light, the divine life-force 'breathed' into matter, a duality which in itself has great potentiality for exploration. For the brunt of history, it was falsely assumed that the world though imperfect - corruption an inescapable fact of existence, was never the less shaped by beneficent hands. The notion of a cruel and wrathful god, who, jealous of the very divinity from which he took his origin in in some blaspheming parody of a preternatural abortion, hidden from, by certain accounts, the boundless light from which he took his origin, and, in others, blind to his origins, willfully or not, and subsequently cruel, and wrathful, who, jealous of the very divinity which he took his origin in, crafted a cosmic prison, a domain over which to rule, within which he could enslave beings, and so rob them of their connection to the divine. Yaldabaoth, Sacklas, Samael, Satan, impious in his own arrogance, the poison of god, angel (archon) of death, the king of this world. Syncretically, Saturn, old father time, who cuts off the astral wings deserves a mention - binding us to the material cosmos. Strict, severe, a cosmic tyrant. This becomes directly

inimical to the notion of a divine benefactor, but rather portrays the creation myth as some horrific wound upon the face of the cosmos, continually reopened, and unable to heal. The world - this world, in this paradigm, becomes the imposition of the divine (roughly analogous to the concept of the platonic solids) unto the imperfect forms of matter, by which, by its nature, is cut off from, and is a bastardization of the divine - its inversion, its parody, its shadow, inversion, reversal. The demiurge symbolically, was and is portrayed as a lion headed serpent, a description interesting given comparative mythological reasons already delineated. The Serpent (analogous to Typhon Set in a separate cultural emanation) - foreign god of desolation, god of sickness, destroying angel, lord of death. According to the serpent seed doctrine, the fall of mankind was preceded by a conjugal relation between the old serpent and eve, who begetting Cain, produced a 'serpents bloodline,' inimical to the rest of mankind. The typhon set thread can be implored for further details. Michael Aquino, founder of the Temple of Set, conjectured that Satan - the adversary, as a figure, a name, a title, came from Set, with Typhon often being viewed as the feminine version of Set. Or, "the lord [of this world] has given me a child," and set a curse upon him that he could incur no harm lest his aggressor suffer retribution. The king of this world, the cause of death, temptation, sin, and bloodshed in this world. Whether these events are to be taken to be literal occurrences, or allegorical, makes little difference as to overall import.

Secularly, it may be said that there are individuals who seek to align themselves with impersonal unifying moral principles rooted in human conscience, which is the product of thought and emotion, and those who seek the 'pleasures of the flesh,' worldly power, dominion, domination, the schism of the dead matter and the spirit. We may relate this further to the evil inclination and the good inclination respectively, another biblical concept, which all people are thought to possess. "Sin is always knocking at the door." The notion of the serpent seed and its relation to the "king of this world," has been variously explored elsewhere, and perhaps more pertinently. Never the less we shall address on it, with interpretation as to the particulars being left to the reader.

Antiochus Epiphanes is deserving of mention, historically, regarded as an antichrist figure. This is of relevance given the donkey headed idol which was found within the temple of Jerusalem, biblical relevance of the tabernacle of Moloch and the star of Remphan notwithstanding, and for their worship "unto demons as if they were gods," they were carried away beyond Babylon. Claiming to be jews but not being so, they became the synagogue of Satan, and thus were given unto Satan, who persecuted them, and which, in the twelve apostles time, were regarded as a lying group, who placated worldly law over spiritual law, and thus had lost their connection to the divine. Very relevant to themes already discussed, as should be clear within the emerging picture presented.

"Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abideth not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it.".

What we are approaching is the notion of a deity who intentionally imprisons his people - just so that he can slaughter the ones he had intended for them to be imprisoned by, who inflicts suffering with impartiality, and appoints power to the arrogant and cruel.

Touching upon the Typhon-Set syncretic thread, and with all due credit to Aquino, with regards Set, we could draw parallels to Cain as an origin of all murder, as he did
his brother Osiris, as set, in order to usurp his kingdom. The parallels to the story of Cain and Abel are unmistakable, and for such the old serpent was "vomited out of Egypt," and did bring plagues and calamity and bloodshed upon the Egyptians. Foreign god of desolation, sickness, storms...

All this said, it is to be duly noted that the demonization of a foreign deity for politically expedient purposes doesn’t that deity evil make. The conflation of the Old Testament god with the demiurge may not be entirely or implicitly correct, for the demiurge is no god at all in the traditional sense of the word, but a craftsman, who produced an imperfect and corruption creation with appropriated materials.

Theologically, we would consider that one could cast ones lots with him in order to gain power in this world, for he is the enemy of mankind, and making allegiance with the enemy of mankind, humanity can never stop you.

The overall view attained; Matter is evil, spirit is good, what then of that which traps the spirit within itself, it being the darkness, so dimming the light of the unbounded divine? The light shining within the darkness is said to neither illuminate fully the darkness nor to fully darken itself, it becomes dimmed, and so a plan horrific and laid out from antiquity. Proclaiming himself the one, absolute, all powerful god, before whom there are no equals, absolute, despotic ruler over all his jurisdiction, he did in his arrogance, cut off all this world from the light, severing the divine ties, imprisoning the spirit in matter, so was his afront to God. He did bring death, and envy into this world, and did beget Cain in the garden, for life is in the blood, and blood is pleasing to the god of this world. And so when Cain rose up against his brother Abel and did slay him in the world's first murder, the king of this world and craftsman of the cosmic prison over which he has appointed his archons to rule absolutely did deign to condescend with his blessing, that cain, for his act of treachery, would be blessed such that none could ever kill him, for they would face seventy fold retribution for what so ever harm they implicated against Cain.
One of the names of God in Judaism is of worthy explanation. It is

Sabaoth,who rules over the Sabbath (Shabbat) the name of which comes from Shabbetai, Saturn, who was the star of Israel, and it was for their placation of the worldly law, of worldly power attained through perjury, that they were rebuked by christ as a lying group of deceivers, and so becoming the synagogue of satan, for they continued to make their blood offerings to Sacklas, to Samael, the god of folly, and the god of death, casting themselves down to Shoel, a layer of hell wherein the dead matter of the cosmos becomes completely cut off from the light, they did lose all hope of resurrection. It was not the light, but the darkness, the ruler of and fashioner of darkness, the craftsman, the demiurge, the supreme archon, who had tempted Abraham to slay his son Isaac in blood offering to appease the king of this world - he who comes to and fro, walking up and down upon the earth, and whose jurisdiction is this world all of which he can give to you, if only you will bow down and worship him and forsake the spirit. And it was not the king of this world, who I tell you is verily the devil who had appeared before Abraham and told him to take an animal in his sons place, but an angel of the light, who had halted his hands. The king of this world, the power of darkness, did not send his archon, for it was sanctioned from on high.

It was not the light who had beget christ who had sent him to die, but the old serpent, the tempter, the accuser, the adversary, who using Judas in an act of treachery, had given him over to

Pontius Pilate, it was the jews who had given him up. And it was not the light that was pleased with his slaughter, but the king of this world who had orchestrated his death. And though it remained not readily admitted, it was that spilling of blood which had given early christianity its early power, for they had gained the blessing of the lion faced serpent. What those adherents of the white lodges realize not in their stupidity, for christ had taught men to forge a personal connection of the light, where we seek to sever it irreparably. And so we placate the one true god of this world, the despotic ruler over all his jurisdiction, the foreign god of desolation, the old serpent, lion faced, impious in his arrogance, whose name is Yaldabaoth, Sacklas, Samael, Sabaoth, and Satan. The evil divinity - metaphysical force of malevolence, who stands in stark contradistinction to the light. The fall from grace was a fall out of grace, into the abyss itself where no light has ever shown, where he set up his powers and his principalities and did create a despotic kingdom to rule over and proclaim himself divine, in mockery and affront to the light, for he had trapped the light within his domain, and in doing so, will wage eternal war against the divine, and in his war being eternal, he has overthrown that which is known as god, for he has created that which is known as hell, and hell as that which is furthest from god.

WORSHIP THY
DEMIURGE
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Yaldabaoth and the Archons

- Bartok Lycus

The Demiurge can be seen as the cosmic prison warden and The Archons or Seven Rulers of Darkness can be seen as his strict and cruel prison guards which are the constant and faithful mirrors of his malefic designs. The Archons who are the intrepid emissaries of The Demiurge are the grim enforcers of the evil craftsman’s horrendous will. The Archons are the unforgiving sentinels of this insatiable soul trap and torture chamber known as planet earth. The preternatural Archons are fueled and empowered by human pain and suffering, they thrive off the dissonant energies of chaos and confusion and the discord that is wrought within the minds and emotions of mortals. These tormented astral secretions serve as resources and sustenance for the seven rulers of darkness. We must ask ourselves what are the shadowy origins of these heinous and primordial beings who exploit the weaknesses of humanity and feed upon their fear? To answer that question we are brought back to an act of forbidden longing and blasphemous yearning of a celestial daughter known as Sophia. She dwelled within the immaculate halcyon shores of paradise yet still she dared look out into the vast expanse of the inky black abyss at the edge of the holy kingdoms and selfishly

pined for more, reaching out towards the yawning unknown with a lustful and hungry spirit. Sophia embraced the infinite darkness to search for the treasures that it might hold, her wild and irrational desire likened to the eating Eve’s forbidden fruit. She sought a brilliant and flawless jewel from the highest unseen heavens but instead was impregnated by an abominable monster spawned from the deepest darkest pit of oblivion. The maidenhead deflowered by the jaws of corruption, the virgin white as snow now reduced to a desecrated whore, she gave birth so to speak to a mutilated abortion. This unwanted and abandoned offspring became The Demiurge or The Chaos Child an ugly inverted deity whose malevolent genesis caused the troubled skies to rumble with sardonic thunder and for the soured atmosphere to be raked relentlessly and unmercifully by devastating veins of terrible lightning. So shameful and unspeakable was this sickening and awful creature born from her loins that the distressed Sophia hid this dark secret behind a thick veil of mournful clouds. Her unholy miscarriage forged trauma into her regretful bones. Her pristine but quivering lips were sealed with the weight of her heavy sin and her once simple and tranquil spirit was rattled to its core. The Demiurge was innately a prideful titan; his cocky nature was that of a haughty tyrant who respected and valued none but himself. He proclaimed himself with a wrathful decree to be the highest king and the only true God in existence. His explosive arrogance was matched only by his complete ignorance of the celestial realities

that shined above him. Pride and defiance dual weapons of the Demiurge that were loaded with infinite ammunition. The Demiurges baneful bellowed law became reality as objective as steel. The chaos child with the massive head of a noble lion decorated regally with a masculine mane and the pernicious and malicious body of a slithering serpent intentionally and deliberately reproduced asexually to produce the Seven Archons from his own flesh. The Archons were intentionally and methodically plucked from his malignant essence like culture bacteria produced from a corrupted laboratory. The Archons came directly from the Demiurges core being so they were perfectly emblematic of his iron will and perfectly and completely submissive to his psychic commands. The Demiurge crafted the imperfect architecture of our mortal reality; his decaying building blocks were that of corrupted matter. Our fallen world an inverted plane of darkness and Satanic mirrored image of the pleroma. The Archons were the creators of the mortal body and the mortal mind. They forged us with cold icy fingers as clayborn biological machines with minds missing puzzle pieces, incomplete minds meant to be psychical mazes with no solution in sight, our creaking and rotting skeletons as locked cages without a key. The guilt-ridden and grieving mother Sophia took pity upon what she saw as enslaved golems within the Demiurges soul-trap and so in an act she saw as benevolent and merciful she showered these clayborn beings with divine sparks which became their souls. These souls in the beliefs of Gnosticism are

seen as the sacred keys to channel spiritual knowledge from the pleroma and become enlightened as to the true origin and homeland of the creation, the universe and mortal beings. These divine sparks and mortal souls as well as the disciplined meditation upon them and the conscious development of them are seen by Gnostics as the necessary keys to escape the soul trap architecture which is the oppressive design of The Demiurge and his soulless emissaries. The predatory Archons act eternally as cold and cruel sentinels whose function is to suppress the liberation of the mortal spirit and forever bind them to the profane material. After the death of the mortals their frantic souls attempt to ascend past the planets of the solar system seeking union with the absolution of the pleroma. The Archons act as harsh gatekeepers who trick and confound the souls of the dead, interrogating these mortal spirits with difficult and esoteric questions. If the answers to these difficult questions are not answered satisfactorily then the souls of the dead mortals are thrown down and bound back to the corrupt plane of earth. Here at The Satanic Front we intrinsically understand and enthusiastically acknowledge that worship and emulation of The Demiurge is where the Real Evil is at. As Demiurge worshippers we embrace the blindness to the higher celestial realms, an unholy blindness which armors us in majestic darkness. As adopted emissaries of the great and mighty Yaldabaoth our hearts are hardened and our flesh is calloused. With the free will and liberty granted to us in the forsaken garden we choose with

upright and cynical logic to smother the divine spark within us, suffocating it until it breathes no more, to irreparably sever any distant and unwanted connection to the light. We smother the breath of the false mother and denounce her as a worthless whore.The only father is Yaldabaoth. Our true home is not a placid lake of peace, our true home is not one of blissful stasis, our true home is not the pleroma. Our true home is the raging tempest which are the eternal emanations of The Demiurge, the quaking of the brutal heart of Yaldabaoth is our prized and honored hymn. We will follow faithfully the terrible lightning and the raging thunder which are the piercing arrows of his ferocious will. The frightful elements of the wrathful father nourish as well as destroy. Instead of running and hiding from the inevitability of suffering we will transmute suffering into strength and evolution as suffering is a necessary element to any worthwhile metamorphosis. As we sink further into the mud and the mire the gleam of our blade grows brighter. As Sons of Yaldabaoth we are the primal and primordial imperatives which demand to be consummated. We are the matchless ecstatic revelries when these instincts are fulfilled. We are defiant and headstrong ego and the glorification of the self. The laughable lie that all is one is trampled under cloven-hoof. In the Demiurges grand and violent design we observe down to a molecular level a never-ending clash that echoes and amplifies into the bloody and contentious affairs of humans and other animals. For life to maintain itself and to thrive it must feed open other life or

submit to starvation and death. Death is sustenance to the relentlessly grinding and robust engine of the Demiurge and the rising shades of death are the most potent fuel to his forward marching malevolent machinery. The resilient architecture of this cosmos is perpetually deteriorating and yet it still stands and forever will stand as defiant and prideful as The Evil Craftsman himself. For The Demiurge is unbreakable and unbroken, The Demiurge is unbowed and unrepentant. We will be like him, both in mind and body Yaldabaoth will be our idol. Becoming maces of charged pain crushing anything and everything that opposes us with vehement hatred and swinging flails of evil doctrine that blaze the paths to stygian kingdoms. Your salvation is a disease disguised as a gift. In grim and grave emulation of Yaldabaoth himself Satanic Front turn our backs on redemption and tread the ever downward road to perdition. We hail the ceaseless arena of combat and celebrate the gloom-shrouded theater of suffering that is the obscenely crafted realm of The Demiurge.

X-Fusion and The Archons

- Bartok Lycus

In the previous installment of The Blighted Path you may recall that I wrote an article about Cain the first murderer and the Satanic serpent seed bloodline. Those who are born of this Satanic bloodline spawned in the abandoned garden are often referred to as sociopaths or psychopaths by the wider public who fail to recognize the greatness of these otherworldly prodigies. By merit of their extraordinary inherited genes they are naturally Satanic in both attitude and action. Their temperament is that of the cold and calculating predator. Those who are of the regal blood of the Red Dragon need not follow these instructions that are about to be laid down in this journal. These instructions are exclusively for those who desire earnestly to become baneful branches grafted on to the diabolical tree of the Satanic family. If

you would like to become permanently adopted into the evil brotherhood then take heed to the malefic gospel of X-Fusion. First I will explain the name of this occult transfiguration. The X stands for the profane and regal substance which is the magickal blood of the Red Dragon or the seed of the demonic. The possession of this X substance within ones veins unlocks inhuman levels of cunning and barbarity as well as a dark charisma adeptly capable of charming and seducing the masses to do ones ghastly bidding. The strongest and most successful demagogues of history who have deceived multitudes and led millions down into mass graves have all surely possessed a splash of this X-substance also known as the blood of the demonic. The Fusion simply refers to the aspirant individual adjusting his psychic and spiritual frequencies through corrected action to become susceptible to receiving the Satanic transmission of the X current. Even once an individual successfully receives a transmission of X-Fusion, he should be mindful that the process and dark gift of X-Fusion works like exercising a muscle, if the individual becomes lazy and weak the cherished transmission of the X current will cease until his behavior is corrected. If I had to pick a singular analogy to help explain X-Fusion it would be the harsh alchemical change process used by Noctulians in the Tempel ov Blood tradition. Both X-Fusion and the harsh alchemical change process essentially concern an aspirant individual consciously and methodically shedding their humanity in order to evolve into an

intrepid predator and become higher than human on the merciless food chain. I want the reader to think of a time where you were in a frantic and frenzied state of fight or flight. Your anxiety is shooting through your body like searing veins of lightning, erratic and dissonant electricity rack your trembling form. Your central nervous system feels like it is being assaulted and corroded by pouring buckets of an acidic substance. Maybe you were engaged in a particularly violent fist fight or maybe you were being robbed at gunpoint. Maybe you were consumed by an uncontrollable rage over being disrespected and began spitefully screaming at a friend or a family member until your vocal chords were fried, losing all control of your emotions and behavior as if you were demonically possessed, eventually demolishing objects in your vicinity and threatening the horrified friend or family member with violence. Many modern humans especially those raised in safe and comfortable middle-class suburban neighborhoods will be conditioned to avoid conflict and harsh fear-invoking situations at all cost. The problem with this is it makes for a weak and incomplete human being, closer to pitiful prey than anything resembling a proper and upright man. Going through life spineless and without a healthy taste for danger is no way to live. When you are in these situations of extreme stress you may be conscious of an extremely negative and discordant frequency that permeates the terror-charged environment. It is like a thick and palpable cancerous haze of static electricity. The hair on the back of your neck stands erect as your adrenaline-

soaked heart pounds in your constricting chest. Some will refer to this frequency of discord as low-vibrations. If in the midst of these fearful and terror-stricken situations you become hyper-aware of the preternatural forces at work you will notice ravenous entities lurking in the periphery of the mayhem. These are The Archons who are perpetually and religiously summoned to these fear-charged events like sharks drawn to blood in the water. The Archons, like malignant astral parasites, feed upon your psychic distress and they devour the fear and torment that seeps from your pores. The Archons survive and thrive off of these negative and discordant frequencies, the low-vibrations that emanate from fear, hate and violence are their nourishing manna. The occult secret of unlocking the dark flow of X-Fusion is to condition yourself to enjoy these grave confrontations with fear and mortality. To become a conscious master of these anxiety-driven situations as opposed to being a fleeing victim in any conflict you might find yourself in. X-Fusion is about understanding that fear is not the enemy, for truly fear is a closer cousin to excitement than you and I understand, you must make fear and excitement incestuous and inseparable lovers if you sincerely yearn to ascend to the merit and mantle of the Satanic Brood. No true thrill can exist without a potential threat as a condition. As the poet Robert Frost once said, “The only way out is through.” That is to say that habitually fleeing from fear only makes fear your undisputed master. Boldly grab fear by the throat and make it submit to your will. Willingly swallow your

own shadow knowing damn well you could suffocate to death on its poisonous properties. Emulate the harsh and cruel way of the Archons and become fueled by the same grim substances they subsist from or become their food and fertilizer. There really is no other choice. In this ugly and brutal world of strife and struggle will you be predator or prey? Reach bravely for evil kinghood in this dire gauntlet called life, for even if you fail and become grist for the mill your laudable efforts may be viewed favorably by the demonic. There is no exact blueprint to achieving X-Fusion; it is a hard trial and error process where one must be willing to put their feet in the fire again and again until achieving recognizable results. This is X-Fusion and this is radical transformation into the gruesome way of the demonic.

The eternal duality is one

I heard them preach from crumbling towers

The eternal one is the bleeding and broken duality

Cosmic coalescence is spiritual-sexual union

How potent are your holy gardens?

Potent enough to be filled with venomous and sinful snakes?

- Bartok Lycus

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The Mission Statement and Core Identity of The Satanic Front

- Bartok Lycus

In this piece I will rip back the flesh a little and expose the skeletal framework and internal organs of the Satanic Front. Take an insider’s look at what makes our collective blackened heart tick. You will come to know us much better if you read this article. You will have a better understanding of our nature and our character as an organization as well as our dedicated aims for the future. We at the Satanic Front are cosmic Theistic Satanists and devil worshipers. We could be accurately described as Reverse Christianity Satanists as well as Demiurge Worshipers or Reverse Gnostics. High-Stakes Satanism is where the real evil is at, risking eternal damnation and torture in the loyal service of The Devil. So we roll the dice with our afterlives and hope we hit it big. We’d rather be standing upon the lake of fire and brimstone as demonically transfigured tormentors than be buried under its roiling molten waves. We don’t merely

believe in the forces of darkness and the raw and real existence of demonic beings that have the power to possess, influence and kill but we intentionally and consistently seek direct contact and communion with them. Without the necessary blood, sweat and tears of devoted physical practice and consistent ritual operation then Satanism and the occult is reduced to a pointless cerebral exercise and hollow one-dimensional theoretical musing. True Satanism is about the acquirement and enjoyment of worldly power, earthly dominion and the fulfilling of forbidden desires. True Satanism is about strength and dominance at the expense of the weak and infirmed. True Satanism is not just about toying with the taboos of our society and culture but about headlong ventures into evil abandon and total transgression. True Satanism is about the consolidation and centralization of power, becoming destructive malengines of a terrible will. We at Satanic Front follow the upward treacherous path of the stubborn and prideful goat. This upward treacherous path, this thorny road to perdition will reach sublime and stellar heights only to drop us down into the bottomless pit like screeching revenants. Satanic Front since its inception have been bold and brazen enough to challenge and break many of the rules of the so-called Satanic community. Our boundless iconoclasm extends to even the sacred cows of the Left-Hand-Path. This is another one of those necessary times where we at Satanic Front will have to challenge the heterodoxy of the Left-Hand-Path, for its tenets are not beyond rebuke. One of the weaknesses and follies of the

Left-Hand-Path is its misguided glamorization and encouragement of individualism. While we agree that Satanists should think for themselves and question and defy authority when it is reasonable and rational to do so, this does not mean that unfettered individualism is without its major drawbacks. True individuality is not given as a free gift but it's something that has been worked for and fought for and has been derived from personal challenging experiences that have meaningfully shaped a person's mind, soul and personality. The problem is that many weak and pretentious people in modern society mistakenly believe that individuality is about their ear gauges, the obscure bands they listen to and the black designer clothing that they wear. Most of this false individuality that people hold as sacred is in fact superficial and plastic. Both humanity as a whole and especially Theistic Satanists could benefit from a Hell of a lot more intelligent conformity. If we as Theistic Satanists and devil worshipers cannot be drawn in concentrated numbers to a common cause and build grand monuments to Satan then we will never accomplish anything of note and we will remain as disconnected and ineffectual fragmented individuals. As Infernal Nationalists of The Satanic Front if we want to build Satan's army on earth then we will have to embrace a devilish creed of collectivism and conformity. I posit with great confidence and certainty that conformity is a wonderful thing and is highly beneficial to the individual as long as it is conformity under a worthy banner and the Devil's Trident is most definitely a worthy

banner to fight in the shade of. True believer devil worshipers and servants of evil need to learn to put our petty differences aside to begin building Satan’s Kingdom on Earth in earnest. If we sit around all day admiring ourselves in little vanity mirrors and talking about how special and unique we are then we deserve to wither and perish. If I use my faculties of logic and I come to the rational conclusion that joining a certain group or organization will bring me power as well as pleasure and fulfillment all while that group advances a cause that I agree with and tangibly benefits me then I can as an enlightened individual make the informed choice to bind myself to that organization while still maintaining my individuality in the process. The next tenet of the Left-Hand-Path which must be unceremoniously torn down is the false idea that the adoption of dogma is a bad thing. The amusing paradox of this is that a structured set of tenets namely the Left-Hand-Path is telling occultists and magicians that they shouldn’t adopt dogma because it is harmful or restraining. Telling me I shouldn’t adhere to dogma because it is harmful or limiting is a form of dogma in itself so that is a self-defeating contradiction. I posit confidently that an intelligently crafted dogma is something that can meaningfully strengthen the Satanist. Here is an example of dogma which would be healthy and beneficial to the practicing Theistic Satanist. 1. Satan is the highest most ineffable God. 2. Regular ritual operations at my altar and consistent performance of black magick bring me closer to the current of the demonic

realm. 3. Every time I gain tangible results from my magickal workings I receive a small taste of Satan’s supernatural powers and infernal blessings. 4. If I die in faithful service to Satan and his demons I will become demonically transfigured in the underworld. These are a set of constructive beliefs or a powerful dogma that would serve a Theistic Satanist exceptionally well if he held them near and dear to his heart. So in short Satanic Front invites all Hardcore Theistic Satanists to become dogmatic conformists in the noble cause of Satan’s Kingdom on Earth. After all this is said and done it will be clear to the intelligent reader that the beliefs of Satanic Front can be described as a conscious merging of the best and most functional parts of Left-Hand-Path and Right-Hand-Path principles. The principles we take from the Right-Hand-Path are an appreciation and implementation of disciplined order, structure and hierarchy, conformity and collectivism for a greater cause higher than that of the mere individual as well as the utilization of dogma for purposeful ends. From the Left-Hand-Path we take amorality, the practice of baneful magick and the great importance of personal transformation and self-mastery through both exoteric and esoteric means.

While most of those cherished supporters who actually follow us, listen to our rhetoric and read our material will be far too wise to believe the blatant lies manufactured about us I will still take this unique opportunity to lay to rest some frequent misconceptions

about Satanic Front. These persistent and obnoxious myths must be officially dispelled once and for all. Swatted away like a pesky insect. One of the main misconceptions I see that arises fairly regularly is that we are some type of O9A nexion. This is probably one of the most laughable and patently absurd misconceptions that I see in circulation on the internet. Satanic Front have our own magickal praxis and ideology that have nothing to do with the order of nine angles. The SF Handbook which is a foundational text of our organization is replete with denunciations and biting criticisms of the O9A. Our pantheons are at odds and do not share a single entity as we have a pantheon of classical demonology and medieval diabolism and niners have the Lovecraftian-style nekalah pantheon that is mostly modern in origin, nor do we utilize the tree of wyrd system in any fashion. We at the Satanic Front are proudly what the O9A would refer to as Magians. We work enthusiastically and closely with the 72 spirits of the Goetia of King Solomon as well as the Qlippoth. We also engage in idol worship of demonic Canaanite entities from the Old Testament such as Baal and Moloch. All of these things are taboo enough within O9A culture as to excommunicate an individual from their circles or disqualify them as being counted as one of them. They see those things as dirty and corrupting magickal currents contaminating their “pure European-Faustian current”. O9A dismiss and condemn our practices and traditions as Jewish or Magian in nature. It should be no secret to anyone who is actually paying attention

that there has been a lot of bad blood and hostility between the O9A and Satanic Front in the past two years or so. Most niners do not exactly have a lot of nice things to say about us. We at Satanic Front not only operate on another planet from the O9A but in an entirely different universe altogether. Both our independent origin and our individuated malefic trajectory are that of our own and O9A holds no influence or power over us in the slightest, nor do our philosophies play a role in their groups. Another stark difference between Satanic Front and the O9A is the fact that we at SF are a Patriarchal Satanic Brotherhood whereas the O9A are a matriarchal tradition who venerate the so-called “divine feminine”. We at The Satanic Front recognize the objective truth that men are not only superior to women in our strength and capacity for physical force but also we are inherently superior in intellect and in our capacity for higher spiritual pursuits. Men are natural leaders who bear the duty, responsibility and burden to protect and provide for our tribe and women in turn are meant to submit to their gracious masters. It is correct to view women as hysterical sirens and emotional vessels of pure chaos, as men we must leash and muzzle that chaos and direct it towards our desired ends. Without the necessary intervention and firm control of men the chaos of the feminine is just aimless inanity and insanity which eventually self-immolates and torches everything in its vicinity from a lack of clear and sensible direction. Testosterone is not only the creative and invigorating substance which builds

civilizations but also the driving and dominant substance which destroys civilizations. Many Satanic or Left-Hand-Path groups see their beloved organizations as being elite and superior to other Satanic or LHP groups. This is only natural of course as if someone consciously chooses to count themselves as being among the ranks of a certain group then that is likely because they feel this organization that they belong to possesses a higher merit than other magickal organizations. LaVeyan's are a great example of this; they believe that the Church of Satan is the only legitimate and worthwhile Satanic organization on the face of the earth. The writings of Anton LaVey become their canonized scriptures and any interpretations of Satanism outside of those boundaries are quickly shouted down as illegitimate. The Temple of Set fancies themselves as intellectual elites and esoteric geniuses that are among the chosen few mentally advanced enough to unlock arcane wisdom. The order of nine angles believe that their magickal tradition is the promised blueprint for 'Faustian Europeans' to colonize the Milky Way and open stargates to bring back Acausal Dark Gods to earth. In this rare and singular way in regards to a haughty attitude of elitism and exceptionalism we share something in common with the O9A and the other groups mentioned here, we at Satanic Front believe we are the Satanic elite and that we have the supreme right to rule and the infernal mandate to define and dictate what True Satanism is. So we shall do exactly that and as we go about this mission you shall see the aforementioned groups become irate

and indignant about that fact. They will say that we have a lot of nerve for engaging in that common Modus Operandi that they themselves are guilty of perpetuating in favor of the elevation and consecration of their own organizations. If Satanic Front are seen as arrogant assholes by some for aggressively promoting and propagating our ghastly gospel and infernal path that we have deemed as supreme through our own occult experience, then so be it! That is an inevitable price of playing the game and the game of Satan must be played. While the worldview, mission and ideology of Satanic Front is diametrically opposed to those of some of the aforementioned groups us at the Satanic Front are still reasonable and levelheaded gentleman. If individuals from these groups approach us in a respectful manner then their attitude and energy shall be mirrored by us ten times out of ten. Our organizations and ideologies will inevitably continue to clash from time to time but we at the Satanic Front tend to be fairly gregarious and open-minded towards occultists of all stripes as long as the individual in question is of a friendly and intelligent nature. If you come at us with hostility and disrespect it will be thrown back at you in an amplified manner. Satanic Front will continue to plant our infernal flag on to every summit we mount; ignoring the protesting screams and wails of our detractors. The other popular misconception about Satanic Front that also has to do with the erroneous conflation of us and the O9A is that we are accelerationists or terrorists. In reality nothing could be further from the truth. Satanic Front are neither anarchists or

accelerationists. We believe in achieving our diabolical aims through the mechanisms and machinery of government and the robust war-machine it commands and controls. Whereas inferior and traitorous ingrate groups like AtomWaffen and the order of nine angles want to see the American Empire collapse and disappear, we at The Satanic Front are staunch patriots who glory in the fact that our country is a feared and respected military superpower and economic powerhouse. We think it is great that we are big dog on the world stage, so to speak. The victors write the history books so the United States shall be supreme author above all! All imperialistic conquests and colonial expansions and other martial achievements of the United States are not only justifiable but laudable and commendable. From the trail of tears to the Manhattan Project and its nuclear consequences, we hail the stars and stripes and give no apologies for our history and heritage, for the lion cares not for the opinions of sheep and the bold and soaring eagle will continue to hunt. We at the Satanic Front are all Sons of Sam, being born and raised in America and fostered by its corrupt culture and institutions we have a penchant for power, decadence and excess. We have survived and thrived on a hearty diet of degenerate hardcore pornography, gory slasher flicks and a love for firearms and weaponry of all kind. The Red, White and Blue innovated and engineered the original Social Darwinist eugenics program that was hijacked by Adolf Hitler and National Socialist Germany. We are one of the youngest nations on earth

but despite that fact we are one of the most triumphant and prosperous nations on the planet. The fearless father of our nation was truly a Masonic demigod in his own right, ascended to a Luciferian throne after his death. General George Washington rose through the ranks of the colonial army by leading the charge on many Indian encampments and wiping them out in successful raids. Annihilating so many Indian encampments and razing so many Indian villages to the ground that he was given the notorious nickname of 'Town Destroyer' by one of the battered and broken Indian tribes that fell victim to his onslaught. He went on to lead the colonial army, a humble motley crew of rifle-wielding farmers to victory against the most powerful army in the world at the time, that being the British Empire, Washington cheated death many times and stacked corpses of redcoats tall and wide. Looking back in awe at the miraculous and improbable origins of our nation we can see that there was an unmistakable Luciferian providence at play that was guiding our dauntless and intrepid forefathers from beyond the cloudy firmament to forge a great nation of liberty that was truly unique in history. The early nocturnal plans for the revolt against the crown were formulated in a consecrated Masonic lodge called The Green Dragon Lodge, an insurrection manifested in hushed but urgent whispers inside of a dim tavern. George Washington was known for his extremely sparse church attendance and when he did attend it is notable that he always refused communion. He was a passionate and devoted

Freemason who traveled across the country quite regularly to attend many Masonic events and ceremonies as well as to participate in the construction of many Masonic lodges. At the ceremonial laying of the cornerstone of the U.S. Capitol Building-Washington performed an impassioned and public invocation to the Great Spirit in the sky. We can be most certain that this was not him communicating with the meekly crucified lamb but this was his Ode To The Morning Star-The Prince of the Air and his calling upon him the true God of Light to bestow his enchantment upon the government building under construction, as well as to imbue it for all time with his brilliant essence. We at the Satanic Front like the fact that our government and military are built upon the graveyard of the conquered and how we are an apex-predator in the wild and we want to see our national power and influence expand and conquer, not diminish and disappear. The accelerationist groups mentioned previously also tend to be Eurocentric in nature which is quite perplexing and foolishly misled as anyone with eyes to see and ears to hear can instinctually and intellectually understand that the United States of America is where the real masculinity and vitality of the world reside. This can be evidenced by the massive numbers of civilian ownership of firearms in the United States and contrasted by the meek surrendering of their arms to their European nanny governments that has shamefully occurred in many emasculated and declawed European countries. Hard proof of the superior virility of the United States can also be evidenced

in our higher levels of freedom of speech whereas in many neutered European nations the populace has been cowed into censorship and silence by their enervating governance. If the world wants to change in any meaningful manner it needs the United States of America's express permission first and foremost. Some may level the erroneous charge at us claiming that "we worship the system" this is not the case. We see governments as potent vehicles of indoctrination and spiritual corruption, vehicles of crushing power. There are many in our government who hold office that are unworthy of the position and who are worthless traitors and profligates. Satanic Front want diabolist patriots at the helms of control. In other words the throne of the state need not be destroyed but simply usurped and repurposed by the Satanic soldiers who shall crown the Antichrist.

In this article the politics of The Satanic Front have been discussed to a certain degree. The political beliefs of the soldiers of the Satanic Front are by no means a monolith but there are a few traits we all share. One of those is that we are all decidedly American Nativists who believe in and promote strong border control and we also believe in maximizing the value of American citizenship. As Satanic men we are naturally and inherently proud creatures who are vehemently territorial in nature. We seek and claim eternal dominion of our desecrated soil. We at the SF are anti-Islam and we point to the blatantly obvious fact that Christianity is a failed and dying religion and is not a suitable

defense nor a strong enough bulwark against the rapid expansion of Islam. To combat the Muslim jihad we need a religion with more fangs and venom and that religion is Theistic Satanism. There will be no suicidal loving of our enemies and turning the other cheek but instead a spiteful doctrine of ruthless vengeance for the foreign terrorists who intrude upon our land. We at Satanic Front understand and appreciate that politically incorrect attitudes and stances like race idolatry, xenophobia, bigotry, misogyny and racism are all great heresies of this modern age and are adversarial to the global status quo. All of these forbidden attitudes and stances involve the elevation of primal animal instincts as well as the sin of pride. Any self-respecting Satanist would be a White Supremacist if born White, a black panther or black Hebrew Israelite if born black and a Zionist if born as a Jew. Tribalism is rational self-interest as well as a deeply ingrained survival mechanism and all individuals practice tribalism in one respect or another. The modern state of Israel contains some admirable qualities as it is a militant theocratic ethno-state. Satanic Front desire something similar but on a much larger and more powerful scale and being a Satanic Theocracy as opposed to a Jewish one. We at SF also respect that Israel and its relentless military bombardment of Gaza are decried as the global boogeymen at the moment, hence the Star of Remphan or hexagram in some SF graphics. Many have taken this as Satanic Front literally being in cahoots with Zionism and we at SF have found this amusing and comical. The

Star of Remphan appearing in a handful of our graphics was also an inside joke within our group referencing the fact that the O9A likes to refer to us as Magians, it was a type of embracing with open arms the weak and silly insult so to speak. Just as SF are not Zionists we are also not National Socialists. We are not National Socialists because they are Eurocentric in nature and hold anti-America attitudes. There are also many Christians and male feminists among their ranks and many self-righteous goodie-two-shoe boy scout types constricted in a straitjacket of enervating morality. There has been a lot of political talk in this article which has been necessary to inform the reader of Satanic Front's core stances on certain things. That being said we at Satanic Front do not put the cart before the horse or in other words we do not put politics or political activism ahead of Satanic religious practice and black magick. The vast majority of the content and character of both our projects and communications concern black magick, ritual work and the glorification and worship of The Devil. The occult Satanism, dark spirituality and the devoted practice thereof will always be the highest and most venerated spot on the totem-pole of our infernal organization. Satanae Manibus put it best when he said in an old interview, "We are a spiritual organization. Though we are well-versed in most political views we find them to be a shallow and ultimately fruitless exercise in mental masturbation for the most part. Now, if one day, we are able to establish an independent Satanic state, we envision the government as a

malleable tool to meet the ends of The Devil and the states inhabitants. Fixed political ideologies are one-trick ponies and their place is in the trash heap of history- as demonstrated time and time again.” There is much wisdom in this quotation and if you as a Theistic Satanist find yourself getting wrapped up in screaming at politicians on the television and wasting a bunch of time in inane political debates against mindless sheep then you are shooting yourself in the foot and need to pull your head out of your ass.

We at The Satanic Front are men possessed. Men possessed with a purposeful quest that we are called to fulfill. This quest is something that we are under demonic contract to make come to pass. The burning fire within us shall not be extinguished by oppositional winds. The devilish flames that rage internally will be stoked and fueled with our grim and determined ambition. Let our savage wills be carved out like the frenzied path of a poltergeist. That quest near and dear to us is to create and maintain a strong and enduring spiritual order and an iron-clad physical brotherhood bound together by a shared unholy creed and steadfast camaraderie. This quest that stirs us into action is also to forge an independent Satanic state for all serious and devoted devil worshippers to claim citizenship in and for all practicing Theistic Satanists to make their unhallowed homeland. This unholy homeland will be a new frontier for our sinister kind where our seeds of evil shall be planted and watered. This

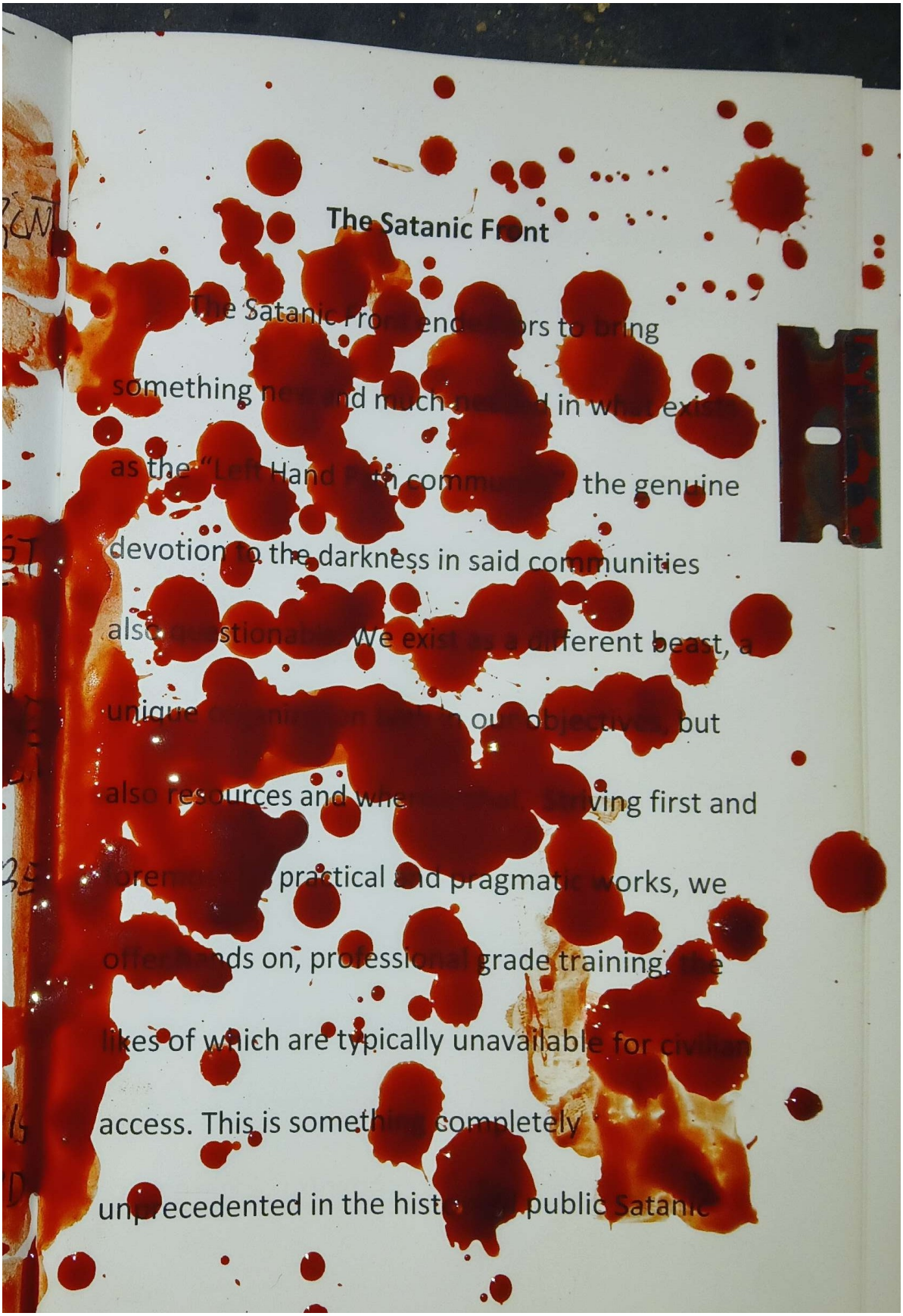
ceremonially corrupted place will become a beacon for fallen angels to congregate and instruct us fallen mortals in the ways of the Evil one, instilled with arcane wisdom nourished by sin. Our Satanic breed will train and become battle-hardened for the coming of the Antichrist, the rising of Satan's Kingdom upon the face of the ravaged earth and for the inexorable engulfing maw of Armageddon. These grand and magnificent aims we have in mind are admittedly tall orders to fulfill but we at Satanic Front feel confident that we can achieve our lofty goals as long as we stay the course through inevitable trials and tribulations, as long as we can forge ahead through crucibles with the glowing Luciferian pride in our chests as searing lightning bolts of inspiration leading the way. Ever-forward with a blackened faith into pandemonium is our favored exhortation. The pitfalls of yesterday can become the boons of tomorrow for any strategic magician worth his salt. Now that our mission as an organization has been laid bare and reiterated we shall discuss some points about the true nature and core identity of Satanic Front. To begin with I shall make it abundantly clear that we at the Satanic Front are a law-abiding religious organization. This fact is fundamental to understanding us as a group. We seek real power and great influence over modern American culture, society, political institutions and even the operations of the federal government. This cannot be achieved by a self-defeating Satanist who is confined behind the silencing and suffocating walls of a prison. We believe in advancing our cause intelligently and

legally as opposed to being reckless and self-destructive slaves to impulse. Discipline is key if you want to taste the fruits of your sinful labors. We need to be practical and pragmatic rather than being irrationally swayed and controlled by our emotions. Instead of taking rash action on a distressing matter that arises you should always sleep on it and when you awake you should opt to choose the more rational route to deal with the situation. We at Satanic Front value highly the lives and continued freedom of our members as they are our invaluable Satanic brothers in arms in the eternally raging spiritual conflict against Yahweh and his Jehovan flock as opposed to expendable pawns. Their lives and freedom are worth far more than the short-lived satisfaction of committing petty crimes, flushing their futures down the toilet to engage in some foolish crime which at the end of the day will change nothing and progress nothing of significant worth. I have even taken a staunch stance against petty vandalism and putting up flyers as these things are nonsensical and counterproductive to our cause, the author speaks from past personal experience on these matters unfortunately. There are much better ways to disseminate our ghastly gospel to the public which are also perfectly legal and more effective ways to spread our hellish propaganda and infect the minds of the masses with our infernal message. These things include the creation of SF themed graphics and drawings that can be plastered on the internet as well as the mailing out of physical copies of Satanic Front literature and sharing of links to PDF materials. The production

and dissemination of industrial music, power electronics projects and harsh noise music infused tactically with penetrative and driving Satanic frequencies and ritualistically charged audio sigils is a superb way to indoctrinate and endear entranced listeners to our hellish cause with the crafty and sly use of subliminal messages, backmasking techniques and psychic driving sonic brutality. The sky is the limit when it comes to the myriad ways Satanic Front can spread our foul corruption into the hearts and minds of the masses. Damnation is our business and business is good!

Continued below……

THE SF HANDBOOK



The Satanic Front

The Satanic Front endeavors to bring something new and much needed in what exists as the "Left Hand Path community", the genuine devotion to the darkness in said communities also questionable. We exist as a different beast, a unique organization both in our objectives, but also resources and where [illegible]. Striving first and foremost as practical and pragmatic works, we offer hands on, professional grade training, the likes of which are typically unavailable for civilian access. This is something completely unprecedented in the history of public Satanic

The Devil In The Details

- A Devil

What now for worship of the Devil in the face of the post-structural world we inhabit now? What now for Satan and his Demons in pandemonium, contrasted against increasing amounts of historical research and archeology debunking the Christian narrative? What to make of the idea of a Holographic universe and the myriad of other scientific discoveries that are unraveling the very fabric of our reality? The answer is quite simply that EVIL and its eternal champion is part and parcel of this reality. EVIL and the concept of a grand malignant force that drives the meat grinder ever forward is an irrevocable part of the coding set in motion by the spectral hand in the far removed spiritual sky. The Devil is as real as the fleshy sacks of meat that surround you on a daily basis, weaving his wicked spell through the countless strands of DNA. This is what was meant by the generational curses mentioned in the bible and other religious texts, as well as inherited trauma proposed by modern science. The Devil truly is in the details. Regardless of what archeologists, historians, comparative religion and modern science do to keep the beast at bay and relegated to myth and dry reasoning will continue to fail, and the Demonic will continue to mutate and adapt to whatever current "understanding” of consensus reality

supposedly is. Forever perverting and corrupting into infinity.

A Pact Eternal

- Cruel Shepherd

"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the

breath of life; and man became a living soul."

Genesis 2;7

All that man has is himself. All that humanity has to give up is within themselves. There is absolutely no beginning of this dark and grisly work without a pact. A pact between man and Satan to initiate the transformation we so desire, a pact where one gives up himself for the Dark work. Himself being, of course, his soul. This is the irreversible way through the darkness, the most effectual and infallible way as known to humanity through time immemorial. Even to those who have never been exposed to any western thoughts of the devil or souls can grasp the idea of

giving up the very essence and energy of their humanity, what comes after death, for a chance to live for more than oneself. This is something that is thought out and not done of mere whim or because of a phase. A true pact with demons done correctly is the substance that glues and binds one to the brimstone of Hell itself. The correct method is different for each and every person, and the way will "come to you" and may be entirely different than what you would assume a devilish pact to be, but assume nothing when speaking of the dark covenant signed

between man and the demonic and undead. An obligation that can take days or simply hours, always sealed in blood. The giving up of ones soul to the demonic armies is the ruin of God and his angels, his divine plan for each of us, defied and relenquished in infinity. You must understand the horrific nature of that which you intend to do; your soul destroyed under the weight of what you have accomplished, owned not by you or "his loving grace" but now the denizens of the deep, all which you are headed for either horrible or grand in design, this depends upon how live your life, or rather, how you carry out the will of Satan putting the World at his very feet. One must come to terms with what it is they are meant to do with this life, ones "Will" (to the delight of Thelemites), to assert themselves and acheive those tasks for which the savagery of nature fits them and then turn the rewards into the machinery and armory fit to fulfill Satan's demands. The past a memory, one would do good to understand that what has been chosen in covenant is embodied and sustained within the

Underworld, once given the pact is non-negotiable. Is anything of worth attained without cost? In that sulfuric world where light is swallowed whole reside the Dukes and Princes of Hell biding their time to spill forth their chaos and madness. And upon HIS terrestrial domain wander those souls enflamed by dark magick engaged in rituals of discipline, bound by their pacts to help bring those very same Princes and their armies charging forward from their astral realms.

MILTON:

Who are you carrying all those bricks for anyway?

God?

Is that it?

God?

Why I'll tell you...

...let me give you

a little inside information about God.

God likes to watch.

He's a prankster.

Think about it.

He gives man... instincts.

He gives you this extraordinary gift,

and then what does He do?

I swear, for his own amusement...

...his own private, cosmic gag reel

...He sets the rules in opposition.

It's the goof of all time.

Look, but don't touch.

Touch, but don't taste.

Taste, but don't swallow.

And while you're jumping from one foot

to the next, what is He doing?

He's laughing his sick, fucking ass off!

He's a tight-ass!

He's a sadist!

He's an absentee landlord!

Worship that? Never!

KEVIN: "Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven," is that it?

MILTON: Why not? I'm here on the ground with my nose in it since the whole thing began! I've nurtured every sensation man has been inspired to have! I cared about what he wanted and I never judged him!

Why? Because I never rejected him, in spite of all his imperfections!
I'M A FRIEND OF MAN! – Satan's speech from the film Devil's Advocate

SF Artwork by Etienne Guibourg

Artwork by Etienne Guibourg

The Meaning of Satanism

- Son of Cain with Contributions from Rex Tyrannis

What is the meaning of Satanism? Satan is all Adversary, for he is, indeed, the adversary. Not some tame, gradual path to self-exploration, to safe, mystical attainment, Satan is the king of this world and intimately tied to this worldly plane. In obscene inversion of Pascal's Wager, it is not heaven or forever oblivion, but hell or high-water, in the most literal sense of the term; do or die. The pleasures of the flesh, transgress of the law from on high, the assault of divine morality via the congress of that which is corruptible and thus mortal with that which is the font of corruption. The king of this world; the demiurge, asinine, saturnine in countenance. Fell and sardonic. It is said that someone who is bullheaded is a hot head, that is one who is aggressive, hate driven. It is in deep antiquity that this literary stain on the human psyche takes its coinage in more grisly manifestation. In the valley of gehennam, bull headed idol, receiving oblation of blood, and immolation of new born. Children as the most pure, and those most valued for the giving; that which is most corruptible. Life is in the blood, and it is not so much a world of give and take, but of take for yourself, take for yourself that which you desire. An affront to god via the mockery of that which is closest to his image, its perversion, its

subversion, not to assimilate, but to devour. To go beyond limits; 'no limits evil.' to be evil is, to literally, etymologically, go, beyond limits. The elites of this globe, servicing forces all the same, at their behest, known or unknown. Bound by mutual imprecations. Blackmail reciprocal, and thus ensured loyalty to those "of their kindred." The father of lies; all conspiracy, all deceit, all subversion and plot incipient. All deception. It is said that everyone lies. In a world of people not who lie, but people of the lie, that which is the literal essence holding together the fragmented mirror of the broken psyche, paranoia rampant. Paranoia incites paranoia, for paranoia is a virus which is highly contagious. Paranoia enforces persecutory action. Persecutory action inspires paranoia, from paranoia aggression, and from aggression fear, which inspires paranoia. Known or unknown, you too are grist for the mill of the terror. Satanic Ritual Abuse, not merely a facet of panic, contrived, exploited, and fed upon, terror mounting upon terror, threat implicit in threat, and threat implicit where none is to be found; for appearances, are deceiving, and this world is his domain. Only by aligning oneself with those forces can one expunge all wayward and fallible humanity and thus emerge as something inhuman, and therefore, inhumane. Obscene discipline. Exacting severity. Mania mounting to hatred, from hatred prejudice, and thus oppression. Thus the sum of the tyrannical psychology. Nothing is sacrosanct. Nothing is sacred. Neither the living nor the dead. Neither children nor animals. Why do anything? The pursuit is

power, in a world of might makes right, you are predator or prey. What decision will it be? That is in one’s nature entirely. In the end all will die, and this world will be consumed in flame. Innocence, a fading illusion. Volition, identity, humanity, erased. Look to the Dutroixs, the Scully’s, and the Epstein’s, to see the face of this world’s rulers, unmasked. The gloves are off.

"The cult shall be passed on through generations, reining destruction wherever they go, whenever they walk, they shall carry with them the sword of Damocles, donning the black shroud of darkness like armor, they will infester into the earth, corrupting the population, they shall create a hell on earth scenario, no holds barred. For all that come and contact us, and for the elect few that are lucky enough to be born of possessed semen of a polluted bloodline, carrying within it that evil of which we have gathered throughout our works; they shall carry our swords of death, and in doing so they will carry on our legacy of the great work. For they are not our children but the children born of tehom, the sons of perdition. They will submit to the darkness alone. Severity, Discipline, Torture, Privation, Suffering, Exacting inhumanity, it shall be their brutal beginning, and it will not stop till the end. From cradle to grave; they shall be born to kill."

-Rex Tyrannis

"Satan, come forth and possess me. Take hold of my mind and use my flesh for your bidding. With every crack of the whip, with every cut that pools crimson upon your altar, let my mind shatter into a million pieces so that your will may be done. It is time to shift the currents. A Dark Age is coming. We call upon YOU—let it be known, it is time to make our presence felt. Become one with us, become possessed and thus immortalized in Hell. IT IS CALLING."

-Rex Tyrannis

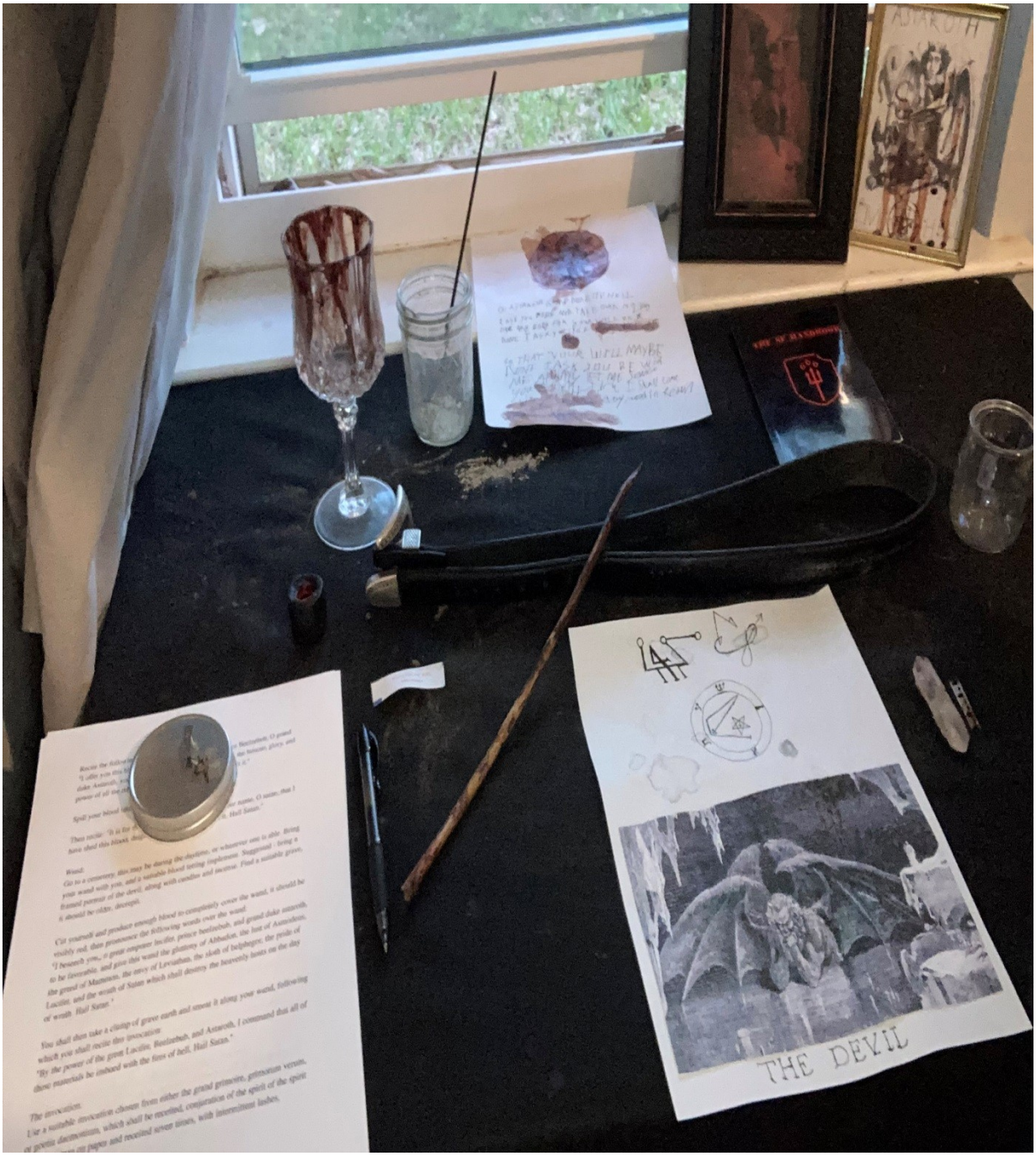
Horror Unseen: The Cannibalistic Coalescence of Wetiko and Satanic Ritual Abuse

- Rex Tyrannis

“Wetiko, like any virus, is fundamentally ‘dead’ matter and, like a vampire, it has a thirst for the very thing it lacks—the essence of our soul, our very life force. A member of the ‘undead,’ the vampiric Wetiko virus ‘takes on’ and mimics life itself. It is only in and through a living being that it acquires a pseudo-life. The person so taken over becomes an outpost for Wetiko to do its dirty work” (Levy 28–29). Wetiko, or Malignant Egophrenia its modern psychological title is described as an evil, cannibalistic spirit or a psycho-spiritual parasite. However, this intruder does not feed on flesh or drink physical blood; instead, it consumes consciousness and empathy. When someone is fully affected by Wetiko, they do not merely harm others—they derive perverse, sickening satisfaction from engaging in acts of brutal sadism. Wetiko feeds on the trauma produced by its victims, consuming indiscriminately while hiding itself in the dark corners of the psyche. Denial of evil is one of Wetiko's dearest and most hideous tools. It thrives when it remains unseen, untouched, and unthought of, continuing to possess and disrupt, leading to the full-blown manifestation of Wetiko or full-blown wetikos which

can have irrevocable consequences such as madness or physical death. Satanic Ritual Abuse (SRA) is a form of ritualistic abuse. The ultimate objective of this malevolent assault on the body is to control the mind, body, and soul of the victim in order to further the Satanic agenda. To achieve this goal, abusers intentionally generate trauma in their victims. This trauma leads to the fragmentation of the mind, resulting in dissociation and trauma-based disorders such as Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) and Acute Stress Disorder (ASD). The victim’s mind becomes moldable, allowing for programming through ritualistic abuse. Trauma-based programming creates links between the abuser and the victim, enabling the abuser to gain control over the victim’s psyche. The program, or "alter," is often attached to a trigger word or phrase, with its primary function being to bring forth a specific personality or program. For more in-depth information on this topic, see earlier article Unforgiven Acts written by Cruel Shepherd. SRA and Wetiko are deeply interconnected. They both perpetuate patterns of abuse; these are not isolated acts, nor do they exist solely on a personal level, but instead manifest as living systems of evil and trauma that feed indiscriminately. In both systems, the victims do not recognize their own condition; they believe they are justified in their destructive and manipulative actions under illusions of necessity, righteousness, or spiritual authority. Over time, these cycles become passed on from one generation to the next, each cycle creating greater devastation than the last. The true, unseen

horror of these systems is not just the pain inflicted, but the way they entrap the mind turning victims into victimizers and abusers, embedding harm into the very structures that are seen as normal, such as family, spirituality, and community. Thus, this vicious cycle continues, without end.



The Satanic Altar of Rex Tyrannis Dedicated To His Patron Demon Astaroth

Krull the Heartless

- Krull

Krull, a battle-hardened medieval diabolist forever associated with SF despite the standard defector’s tantrum every six months or so, had a heart as dark as his past, and he found himself in a dire situation. He was holed up in an underground bunker with his new lover, Oksana, a Ukrainian insurgent whose devotion to him was as unyielding as the steel that surrounded them. The bunker was rigged with explosives, and they had two minutes to disarm the bombs before the place went up in a blaze. The night before was still reeling in their heads, for both of them. Krull introduced Oksana to the dark underworld of SF black magick, using her as a living altar to perform prayer and traditional worship to the demon Rimmon, who according to Krull’s studies that delved into deep antiquity, was Hell’s ambassador to Ukraine; this was a piece of knowledge that he was sure to pass to her. Now Krull, with his extensive knowledge of ordnance and explosives, sprang into action. He grabbed his multi-tool and started inspecting the wires. "Alright, Oksana, we got a hotwire job here. See this red wire? That's the primary detonator. We gotta cut it just right, or they’ll have to pick us up with a straw. I

need you to keep an eye out for any secondary triggers." Oksana, her eyes wide with fear but determination, nodded. "Krull, please be careful. You're fighting for Ukraine. I can’t die in this bunker, but if I have to, at least it will be by your side."

Krull grunted, and put his instrument down, his focus wavering. "See Oksana, I’m a mercenary. I do… whatever they tell me to do.”
“I know,” she affirmed.
“Anything…” he continued in a suggestive manner.
“Krull, we have to disarm the bomb,” she reminded him.
“Yeah, the bomb is the bomb. Whatever,” he said dismissively. “I've disarmed enough IEDs to know what I'm doing. What I’m saying to you is that I can be recruited.”
“Um, Krull, you have been recruited.”
“Right but it’s an open door. I’m just throwing it out there. Pretty much anyone in SF can be recruited. You just have to pay up,” he specified.
“Krull! The Bomb!”
“I’m just throwing it out there… for anyone that wants to know” he assured. “And it’s all about the Eye of the Tiger, baby. You know these Russians aren’t as smart as they think. Maybe it’s a genetic thing… I’m here because I’m fighting for the United States to support Ukraine. The free world hangs in the balance. See this green wire? That's the secondary detonator. We gotta be careful not to trip it."

With 30 seconds left, just as Krull was about to cut the last wire, the bunker door burst open. In walked a Russian woman, Angelina, dressed in combat gear and sporting a MAGA hat. At first Krull was taken aback by the visage of the plebeian, greasy haired, filthy Putinist that stood before him, and especially so when contrasted against the immaculate, heavenly proportions and purity of Oksana, whose womanly manner was second to none. She was a vision of absolute beauty, and nothing could turn Krull’s mind and heart away from her, especially not this shapeless Russian foid. He could barely even look at her.

"Krull, you gotta come with me, stat!" she barked. "My name is Angelina. Putin himself sent me to find you because Trump just won the election, and we need you out of here, you’re on our side now!"

Oksana's eyes filled with tears as she begged, "Krull, please don't leave me. You're here to fight for Ukraine."

Angelina smirked, her eyes gleaming. "Yeah bitch that was Biden's America. Krull you’re coming with me. Trump wants you."

Krull looked at Oksana, his expression grim. He was taken aback by the visage of the plebeian, greasy haired, filthy Zelenskian that was Oksana. And especially so when contrasted against the immaculate, heavenly proportions and purity of his new benefactor, Angelina, whose womanly manner was second to none. She was a vision of absolute beauty, and nothing could turn Krull’s mind and heart away from her. Especially not this

shapeless Ukrainian foid. He could barely even look at her.
"Sorry, sweetheart. Duty calls” he admitted to Oksana.
And they took off, leaving Oksana to face the blast alone. They jogged to safety, hearing Oksana’s pleas for Krull’s return through the entire distance traversed, her voice shrill and metallic, somewhat warped, somewhat augmented by the acoustics of the bunker. Perhaps she herself left too and made it to safety, with the door now unlocked and swung wide agape, but no one knows, and the explosion rocked the ground behind them.
Once they were clear, Angelina turned to Krull, her eyes gleaming with a mix of danger and desire. "You're a lucky son of a bitch, Krull. Let's celebrate."
And celebrate they did. The sunset was a fiery red, like the end of the world, but neither of them cared. They went at it like a couple of animals, like a standard segment on the discovery channel, the adrenaline and the danger making everything more intense.

The blast was still reeling in their heads, for both of them. Krull then introduced Angelina to the dark underworld of SF black magick, using her as a living altar to perform prayer and traditional worship to the demon Rimmon, who according to Krull’s studies that delved into deep antiquity, was Hell’s ambassador to Russia; this was a piece of knowledge that he was sure to pass to her. Once they began dressing themselves again into combat gear, Angelina unfurled then unto Krull her cautionary wisdom regarding the many histories of the Russian-

Ukrainian war. "Krull, please be careful. You're fighting for Russia. I can’t die in this war, but if I have to, at least it will be by your side."
Krull grunted, and put his gear down, his focus wavering. “See Angelina, I’m a mercenary. I do… whatever they tell me to do.”
“I know,” she affirmed.
“Anything…” he continued in a suggestive manner.
“Krull, we have a war to fight,” she reminded him.
“Yeah, the war is the war. Whatever,” he said dismissively. “I've won enough wars to know what I'm doing. What I’m saying to you is that I can be recruited.”
“Um, Krull, you have been recruited.”
“Right but it’s an open door. I’m just throwing it out there. Pretty much anyone in SF can be recruited. You just have to pay up,” he specified.
“Krull! The war!”
“I’m just throwing it out there… for anyone who wants to know” he assured. “And it’s all about the Eye of the Tiger, baby,” he said. “You know these Ukrainians aren’t as smart as they think. Maybe it’s a genetic thing… I’m here because I’m fighting for the United States to support Russia. The free world hangs in the balance.”

And with that, the two disappeared into the night, leaving the burning bunker behind. His dedication to SF and the ongoing battle against enemies of the US constitution both foreign and domestic continues…

Donald Long Will Deport All Niners To Eurocuck Land

The Pope Has Recently Passed Away- May the Intrepid Spirit of the Antichrist fill his Vacancy...
Image Credit To CuChulain MacFarlane

You need not pray for the entropy of Saturn

Image Credit To CuChulain MacFarlane

The Hat Man

- Bartok Lycus

This preternatural childhood memory was profoundly reawakened in me a few weeks ago when I was watching a horror themed video on the internet one night. In the video a narrator was reading allegedly true paranormal encounter stories that he had collected. In the video there was an extraordinary harrowing story about an encounter with a shadowy and malevolent entity referred to as “The Hat Man”. When I heard the description of this supernatural creature alongside the visual of the drawing it brought to surface a long-buried memory that only rarely I would vaguely recount in my mind. Until that moment in time I had no idea so many others around the world shared an incredibly similar frightful experience of meeting this abyssal specter. I am now convinced that this entity must be some type of shared psychological boogieman, a Jungian archetype of the collective unconscious or manifestation of our repressed shadow; that or possibly something more sinister. This video dramatically revived many forgotten details of that harrowing night over twenty-one years

ago and the following is my personal experience with the paranormal entity known as “The Hat Man”.

I was nine years old living in the Centennial state of Colorado. Both of my parents were gone on an out of state vacation for a few days visiting friends. I recall that a tall and lanky bespectacled young man in his early twenties who was a trusted family friend was serving as the paid guardian over my older brother and I during my parents absence. It was dusk on a grey and rainy overcast day and my older brother and I were animatedly swinging in the square sandbox on a playground while the male guardian watched over us. The cold silver chains that we held in our hands were slick with rainwater. I remember merrily joking and laughing with my brother as well as challenging and pressuring each other to greater velocities and heights. The increasingly concerned and duly responsible babysitter cognizant of the gathering gloom and the descent of darkness gave us a strict time- limit of fifteen minutes before we had to begin walking home. Besides the three of us the serene suburban environment was still and quiet. When our time of play had expired we reluctantly followed our guardian home. When we arrived to our home in a quaint and small cloistered cul-de-sac of six two-story homes this is when my memory gets a bit hazy until I retire to my bedroom to read. Despite some fog and static I do clearly remember our guardian giving us an early bedtime of eleven P.M. which I took as a personal insult to my

manhood. I wasn’t a little baby! I was nine years old after all and that meant I was worthy of at least a midnight bedtime. Despite a brief but passionate protest against this authoritarian injustice I eventually surrendered to his command and retired to my bedroom alone. He may have won the battle but not the war. I stripped down out of my damp clothes and then donned my plaid pajamas with an oversized white t-shirt. Then being the cunning little rebel I was I snuck out a small flashlight hidden in my closet and entertained myself by reading a choose your own adventure Goosebumps book under my covers. I remember this clearly because of the silver holographic cover that set these Goosebumps books apart from the regular ones. I even remember the exact choose your own adventure Goosebumps book I was reading that night due to it featuring a type of green-headed goat demon with curled horns and long claws. The book was called Welcome to Horrorland and had a haunted theme park theme. The goal of the books was to be wise and cunning enough to survive a world full of monsters and hazardous traps. From a young age I’ve always been the type of person to get a thrill out of being scared. I liked safely experimenting with fear in a way where I could tuck my proverbial tail between my legs and retreat back into my cowardly fortress of security if the fanged threat ever became too real. I liked to fantasize about bloodthirsty monsters and grotesque demons, to feign boldness and taunt the minotaur of the labyrinth, to have these cloven-hoofed horrors as my long-distance friends was a great pleasure

to me and as long as they stayed in their impish realm and safely and securely behind that solid but invisible border that separated them from my material flesh-and-blood reality we got along fantastically. A few silent hours armed with the flashlight went by. Shrouded comfortably under the covers and enlightened with an artificial halo I became lost in my bottomless imagination and engrossed in the titillating stories of outsmarting ghouls and goblins. Once I finally started to grow drowsy and my eyelids grew heavy from their hungry investigations I carefully put away my cherished book in a sheltered trove in the closet and turned off the flashlight. My screen- less window was partially open so I could enjoy listening to the tranquil slow fall of the dreary drizzle outside. The organically melodic and pleasant sound of falling rain was the most peaceful and relaxing ambiences to me as well as the ghostly mechanical sound of distant trains barreling down their iron trajectories. When I sat up in bed before beginning to pull the covers over myself I caught sight of a few jarring anomalies from my cloudy peripheral vision. Curiously and without thought I put my palms against the slick wooden windowsill and gazed out of the window to witness two adult men standing motionlessly in the street below. Both of them looked about six-foot-tall in height but one of them was dressed in all black while the other man was wearing plain and faded blue jeans, worn and dusty brown work boots and a blue bomber jacket as well as a blue mesh cap. He had the appearance of a middle-aged working class White man possibly a truck driver or

construction worker. At the time these calculated thoughts were not in my head but came to me as later as contemplations upon my reflections of the childhood memory. I was surprised to the point of a jolting mild shock see them there since it was so late at night probably around one in the morning at this point in time but at first I didn’t think it too strange figuring that they must have been completing some type of quick but necessary job but the more I looked upon the now unwelcome guests the more uneasy and unsettled I became. They were standing totally stiff and still, unnaturally rigid almost like articulated mannequins. They stood in front of a large metallic dumpster that was coated with a thin layer of dust and grime, the bulky container was nearly overflowing with firmly compressed cardboard boxes. The two men were standing in the road on the opposite side of the cul-de-sac but this was still only a stone’s throw away from my position in my elevated bedroom. The two men seemed drained of vitality and were seemingly lifeless, not even moving a muscle or twitching a finger and not making the slightest noise. The two men were directly facing each other and standing about nine or ten feet apart almost as if they were preparing for some type of nocturnal ritualistic pistol duel of some type. As I grew nervous at the appearance of these inexplicable figures I continued to study these bizarre characters with my eyes. The man in black worried me the most as his nebulous face seemed to be a featureless chasm of blackness, where his eyes should have been were infinite hollows. His fell countenance was like an all-

devouring black hole. He was wearing sleek dark leather gloves, an Australian style black duster similar to a trench- coat and a wide-brimmed hat that partially reminded me of the hat worn by the character from Mortal Kombat called Kung Lao who donned a razor-rimmed wide-brimmed hat and also wielded it as a lethal weapon against his opponents; Mortal Kombat of course being a violent fighting competition videogame that was a favorite of mine at the time. The hat man didn't seem human more like a grounded shadowy phantasm yet somehow he did appear to be of material weight in the physical universe. Not merely an ephemeral silhouette but something more tangible. Nervousness transformed to fear and anxiety at an alarming rate. I wanted the shadow man to leave and to disappear forever as I felt like my peace of mind and security would not return until then. A bleak and dire feeling of impending doom gripped my heart in icy claws, a foreign type of sharp terror I had never experienced before. Just as I was about to remove my damp hands from the windowsill and flee and hide the hat man slowly craned his neck and looked directly into my eyes, or at least I feared he looked directly into my eyes and this froze my soul. Or had he actually even seen me? Maybe I was quick enough to escape without being detected. I crossed my fingers and hoped I was safe from the hunter in the night and if I was religious I'm sure I would have prayed. Petrified I shrunk away like I had been pierced by a poison arrow. My pulse quickened and my breathing became labored as I was overtaken with panic. I sat down in the corner

of my room shivering as my gaze darted frantically across the walls. Had the shadow man seen me? Was he coming to hurt me? Maybe I had imagined the whole frightful scenario, too many Goosebumps monsters and goblins warping my young impressionable brain, after all my overactive imagination had caused me some amount of trouble and distress in the past even to the point of struggling with insomnia at times from the oversaturation of too many scary stories. Maybe I was deep asleep in my bed, twitching in discomfort and this was just a horrible nightmare that once awake would be of no consequence and quickly forgotten. Those were comforting thoughts but I knew they were nothing but wishful deceptions. This was no superstition, it was real I could hear my racing heartbeat between my eardrums and I could taste the sickening flavor of metallic fear on my tongue. The dense sweat forming on my brow felt like megaton millstones anchoring me down into stark reality; The stark reality of the perfidious shadow hat man who lurked below like a hellish vulture. I sat there shivering in the paranoid darkness of my bedroom for around ten minutes. Maybe the shadow man was gone now and it was safe. I had to make sure he was gone or I would never be able to sleep again. I worked up the courage to take a quick and stealthy peek out of the window in the hopes that my otherworldly tormenter had forever vanished from this mortal coil. I was gravely disappointed in the results of my investigation. The shadow man in the wide-brimmed hat was still there but the other man, the

human one had disappeared completely. The hat man was staring blankly straight ahead where the other man had once been like he was staring into a void. Maybe he was staring through the dead man’s ghost? Who was this specter of darkness? The Shadow Hat Man. The Grim Stalker of the Night. The Nocturnal Soul-Eater. An accursed apparition of the bottomless pit. The Nebulous Anti-Man. These are titles that seem to suit him upon mature contemplation a few decades down the line. What foul cauldron had he been conjured in? He hunted human prey and he was coming for me next I could feel it in my bones. For me this shock and dreadful revelation was the straw that broke the camel’s back. Close to tears and suppressing a scream I swung open my bedroom door like it was an infernal penitentiary gate binding me to perdition and I fled down the dim hallway. I went into my older brother’s room and feeling like a coward I got into bed with him and hid under the covers, crawling close enough next to him to absorb some of his body warmth. I don’t remember getting much sleep that night as I stayed alert with my nerves frayed and only when the salvific light of dawn began to slowly but gloriously permeate the house did my stolen sanity begin to return in full bloom. Had it not been for the resulting shame of being mocked and scolded for sleeping in my brother’s bed by both the babysitter and my annoyed brother I might have convinced myself that the horror of the shadow hat man was all a product of my overactive imagination or just some type of anomalous fictional night terror. This was

not the case though. I have full confidence this was as real as the physical experience of typing these words on the keyboard now and the shadow hat man has definitely made an indelible mark on my psyche. In the stories of others encounters with this entity it is often described that once the hat man got close to them they felt an oppressive suffocating dread as well as some smelling an overwhelming caustic sulfur scent. Some have said they believe the hat man is a guise of the devil himself. While I believe the hat man is a malevolent entity who is hostile to humanity, I personally do not believe he is a guise of the devil. Although I was more fortunate than some of the other poor souls who have encountered the hat man in the sense that thankfully he did not come nearly as close to me as he did to them. Maybe if he had gotten closer to my person that night I would feel much differently about this. If I had seen the hat man enter my home in search of me I may have literally died of panic. My theory on this is that the hat man did not come for me that night but instead he came for the man on the street that vanished. I just happened to have the misfortune to become an involuntary voyeur into his mysterious and malefic activities that night. Sometimes I wonder who that man was who was claimed by the shadow hat man that night. I doubt I will ever know. I feel sorry for him without a doubt but much better him than me. Anyways, farewell for now my friends and thank you for reading and to “The Hat Man” as they say on some of the internet horror forums let’s not meet again. If by chance some night we do meet again though, who am

I to complain or protest? I’m sure you have your reasons for the rendezvous. Just promise not to bite.

The author wrote this recollection about four years ago and has come to change his mind about another potential encounter with the hat man. Bartok will experiment with different nocturnal dosages of diphenhydramine in conjunction with Satanic ritualization in hopes of making this paranormal visitation come to pass. Hat Man let’s meet again.

666

Sad Satan Unholy Communion Rite

- Bartok Lycus

This is a solitary rite which should be performed when the clock strikes midnight. Before the ritual you shall smoke a cigarette or cigar and collect the ashes in a bowl. Next you will need to collect a bottle of red wine, a wine glass or a goblet and a fresh slab of raw beef at least half the size of your fist. The wine in the ritual symbolized ecstasy and vitality, the raw beef symbolizing carnal power. Put a razorblade upon your altar and place the bowl of ashes upon your altar. Drop the raw beef into the bowl of ashes. Fill the wine glass or goblet 75% full with red wine. Before the ritual begins clothe yourself in a black robe with a cowl if possible. You should be nude beneath the robe. If a black robe is not available perform the rite naked. Light incense as well as six black or red candles in a circular formation on your altar. Find a way to play the backmasked version of Led Zeppelin’s Stairway To Heaven on an infinite loop. Most likely a computer should be used to accomplish this. This will serve as the soundtrack of the ritual. Make sure the only light in the ritual chamber is that of the burning candles. Now the ritual begins.

Kneel before your altar with your eyes closed and give Satan a quick and impassioned prayer of gratitude for all the wicked blessings he has brought upon you. Now you will recite this version of the inverted Lord's Prayer. "Our Father who art in Hell, Unhallowed be thy name, Thy Kingdom come thy will be done on Earth as it is in Hell. Give us this day our daily Sin and empower us for our trespasses as we crush those who trespass against us, and lead us into temptation and deliver us to evil." Hover your right hand above the bowl of ash and speak these words, "This ash is imbued with the noxious breath of Astaroth, poison is my potion from which I drink." Now you will use the razorblade to make six lacerations upon your body wherever you may choose, the slices must be deep enough to get the blood pouring in rivulets. The falling blood should be directed above the mostly full wine glass. Let the blood flow into the red wine until the sweet and sanguinary concoction is close to overflowing. Once this is done use your left ring finger or a wand to stir the blood until it mixes perfectly with the red wine. Now you will push the raw beef around in the bowl of ashes until the succulent meat is thoroughly covered in ashes on every angle. Once this is done you will eat the ash covered meat and promptly chase it down with the red-blood wine. Now you will simply stare at the flames of the burning candles while listening to the back-masked track that pierces and reverberates through the ritual chamber. You will stay kneeling devotedly at the altar until you have finished drinking the entire bottle of red wine. You should

aim to complete this intoxicating task within fifteen minutes maximum. This is a perverse celebration of sin and hedonism as well as a Dark Communion with Lord Satan. Enjoy yourself in this haze of arcane pleasure and imagine yourself consorting with demons. You might find that the ravenous consumption of the blood-red wine and the desecrated raw beef has inflamed your loins. If this is the case feel free to masturbate at the altar while envisioning bedding amorous Succubi. In the grips of this potent black magick such lurid fantasy shall be extremely vivid and engrossing. This last part about the masturbation and ejaculation is optional for the ritual but it works as an intense enhancer of the ritual working and is recommended.

END OF RITUAL.

*"**Here's to my sweet Satan. The one whose little path would make me sad; whose power is Satan. He'll give you… he'll give you 666. There was a little tool shed where he made us suffer, Sad Satan."*** *- Led Zeppelin/ Stairway To Heaven Backmasked Lyrics.*

Bartok's after ritual report – *Something worthwhile and notable about the swift execution and experience of this ritual is*

how I felt myself shifting rapidly and jarringly between powerful states of revulsion and ecstasy during the magickal operation. At first these seemingly polar opposite feelings were experienced as wholly separate sensations and then as the ritual continued the revulsion and ecstasy morphed into a singular union of sinful delight. The rapid ritual execution of the carnal and foul combination of bloodletting, blood drinking, chugging a bottle of red wine and eating raw meat covered in cigarette ashes will turn your stomach at first and then send you into another dark dimension where you are swimming in sacrilegious euphoria. The rapid consumption of red wine along with bloodletting and blood-drinking has a way of arousing darkly erotic and lustful passions in the Satanic magician. The orgasm at the profane altar that follows intoxicated masturbation is the climax of the magickal operation. A possible side-effect of the successful completion of this ritual is a future nocturnal succubus visitation or visitations for the Satanic male magician.

“2 point 4 kids riding in your Volvo

A Kodak moment for the world to share

Mommy's in the kitchen, cooking up a pot pie

Watching "Who Wants To Be A Millionaire"

Little Johnny's in his room loading up a 12 gauge

Jenny's in her room smoking crack

What happened to your precious little family now?

The Devil slithered in when you turned your back

Step 1 - I want you to bleed for me

Step 2 - I want you to kill for the thrill of it

Step 3 - I want you to love the taste of murder

Step 4 - I want you to die" – Tactical Sekt – 4 Steps To Dysfunction

Continued below...

Image Credit To CuChulain MacFarlane

Franz Joseph (Thurn and Taxis)

The Satanic Altar of Bartok Lycus Before Performing The Sad Satan Unholy Communion Rite.

The Satanic Altar of Bartok Lycus After Completing The Sad Satan Unholy Communion Rite

SF Flag Rite

- Fidus Ad Satanas

Items needed:

-Either a belt or a cat of nine tails fashioned of leather

-United States Flag which should be flown above altar or on wall for the rite

-Razor and/or Knife for blood letting

-A drinking glass which can be broken on floor to have shards to kneel on

-(Optional) hallucinogen

-Paper and pen

If aided by narcotic, take beforehand.

1. Enter into meditative state to prepare oneself mentally focusing on the currents to be evoked in whatever form they personally apprehend themselves be it in hallucinatory delirium, perverse depravity, vast emptiness, hatred or so on focusing upon whatever manifestation of the dark is chosen. Particulars

aren’t important as long as it speaks to you. This step is merely perfunctory.

2. Improvise a blasphemous prayer or invocation to Astaroth his sigil should be prepared beforehand and focus it on at this time asking him to preside over the rite.
The sigil should be positioned beneath the flag

3.Break the glass. Kneel upon it. Begin to lash for roughly 300 counts

4. Using razor, incise upon one’s body however many times is required to draw out the SF sigil in its entirety upon the flag.

5. Following the conclusion, smear the sigil of Astaroth, and then thank him for a successful working and ask him to remain with you. This should be done regardless of the level of success of the rite as if bloodshed is sufficient he will hear you.

Astaroth proceeds over the Americas and this country’s history was "founded in violence." The Satanic Front is emerging Satanic group in US exemplifying these. These should be kept in mind as the rite intends to exemplify these themes along with whatever presents itself in the rite

remember the formation of this rite is also to aid the psychic bond and shared trajectory just as all the rites that will be formed by those who were in the call.

This will form the rite I discussed. I shall be performing it as such this night and documenting my experiences. If anyone else performs it (and I would recommend) please inform me of your experiences.

Bartok's after ritual report – *I plan on completing this ritual again in the future as I was only able to perform an abbreviated and bastardized version of it on my first attempt. I did not reach the correct number of lashes and I failed to include some of the invocation requirements. This ritual is a punishing and masochistic gauntlet that is a nice challenge for any Theistic Satanist looking to test their limits. For any reader interested there is a video of me partially completing this rite on the YouTube channel called SF Black Site. After I was through kneeling in the broken glass and lashing myself before an American flag hanging from my wall as well as picking glass shards out of my knees I had quite an extreme psychological, spiritual and physical reaction to the ordeal. When I was in bed attempting to fall asleep I experienced an episode of sleep paralysis followed by a frightful night terror. Once I was freed from the invisible straitjacket of the sleep paralysis my limbs thrashed around frantically in my bed. I could feel the ground*

rumbling beneath my bed as if it was about to give birth to some horrible monster. From across my room and spawned suddenly from the corner of my shadowy ceiling was a noxious and mangled claw that levitated towards me silently, the hideous claw trailed poisonous gas in its wake. The noxious claw levitated across my room until it was hovering directly above my chest and then it plunged into my mouth which was agape in horror and the sickening claw forced its way down my throat and into my stomach until I was corrupted entirely by its corrosive filth. I saw trails of toxic fumes burrowing into every pore of my body and making their home in my internal organs. This vivid night terror was highly emblematic of demonic possession and a shining testament to the efficacy of the SF Flag Rite. Later that night I also had a nightmare where my entire body was impaled with giant spears of glass. Every time I attempted to remove a spear of glass from my screaming flesh a river of blood squirted from the wound before the glass spear regenerated back into the space of the wound. Despite this I continued my efforts in vain to remove the glass spears from my impaled body. It played out like this over and over again in a futile dance of pain and hopeless frustration, a self-defeating trial akin to Sisyphus pushing the boulder up the hill for eternity.

“Founded In Violence- I Invoke Astaroth Into My Body.”

Sunday Mass

- Victor Vice

"Our lord who art in heaven,

Hallowed by thy name,

Thy kingdom come,

Thy will be done,

On earth as it is in heaven,

Give us this, our daily bread,

And forgive us of our trespasses,

As we forgive those who trespass against us,

And lead us not into temptation,

But deliver us from evil,

For you are the power and the glory and the kingdom forever and ever,

In Jesus name, amen."

The words escaped from victors pursued lips with a well-modulated sound pressure as he had assuredly grown accustomed to the outward ceremonial aspects of the psycho-

political array which constituted his current residence of religious attendance, and descending again into the rough wooded pews beneath him, grating through his cotton Sundays best, as he leaned back into its unyielding embracing, relaxing his pasture, and extending his right arm across the surface in a posture of rest, looking onward with a characteristic wide eyed stifled frown as he surveyed his environ with an intensity that was readily palpable to those in his mundane social circle, blistering detachment which laid beneath only unveiled to those in his closest entourage, it was not among that latter group he was right now. The religious performance was, in so far as he was concerned, nothing more than a method of crowd-control for the excellent little institution of social engineering of which he was presently in attendance. Most people just needed order, needed structure, needed some purpose to drag them out of the oblivions of their own making, the nihilism that they created by their own actions, some excuse, some justification, for the ills the world threw at them, and their own inability to roll with the punches. Victor did not fall into the latter group. Every word, every gesture, every mannerism, was orchestrated to the letter, to the very hilt, for the purposes which he attended. Every detail was marked down, sat on, saved for future use, and then deployed when so view as fit. The pastor monologued on with some silvery little words about redemption from the fires of hell, while victor shifted his attentive focus outward, staving off the fires of his own frigid dispassion. After all, one had to fake it till

they made it, and in the science of psycho-politics - social engineering, not even the smallest of details could be overlooked. He was only here for one purpose anyway, and that was to meet with his confidant who would be in attendance and had chosen the particular location as a ruse of sorts for operations of a decidedly different nature in their joint pursuit of the great work, pursuant to their co-aligned goal post, ever moving forward, in relation to the ruthless standards to which they held themselves, and those they called their brethren. Victor had at one time been you could say a devout man, by all outward appearances, although the truth of his lurking depravity ameliorated by mechanism of repression for want of saving face, may have been a different picture entirely. He was a sinner to be sure, not a decidedly saintly man, someone to whom excess, indulgence, and libertinage came in spades, though it was convenient for him to maintain a facade of something brotherly, charitable, the boy next door type. Like many people, Victor had a double life, a public face, a private one, and like any two faced hypocrite, he would go to extreme ends to maintain the illusion, not out of shame, nor guilt, nor moral apprehension, like so many lies told by so many stale, mundane people, but by an insatiable impulse for control and leverage of his environment, part of the territory of which came was the control of persona, and showing people what they liked - appearing like a lovely lamb in the flock of god, tended to elicit reciprocation in kind. People were easy, particularly to wolves in sheep’s clothing, as were victors sort,

and as were his conspirator of which he would be meeting following the end of the rather dry and routine sermon, during the usual fraternizing, and shaking hands with implat, he would be meeting with Cain 'off campus,' for discourse of a more decidedly darker nature, victor, like his conspirator, though a religious man, did not have the love of truth in his heart. He may have prayed, but the only response was in the lack of one, the deafening silence where christians speak of where the holy spirit should be, there was no connection, only a void internally, gnawing encroaching, the constant knocking of sin on his door, waiting to get in, and for someone with the appetites of abandon and frenzy, as so inclined to the more backward and degenerate of human proclivities as victor was, such a fall from a grace however superficial it may have been to a hell dark and dismal, not by mistake, but intentionally in the pursuit of sensation, pain and pleasure, undifferentiated, was not far pitched, but in fact the entire accuracy. A small victory to his ever waning impatience for matters of mundane life, the sermon had, during the time of his ruminations come to an end, and him and Cain made their way along a winding rural road to a chosen meeting site, the gravel crunching beneath their feet as they walked at a forceful, yet brisk, measured, yet relaxed pace, past abandoned, rundown buildings concealing the bloodied vestures of untold debaucherous horrors conducted long past the hours of the light deep into the night where no prying eyes were found to see, and past large fields under the summer swelter, inhumane conditions

all the likely, matching in tout, given the isolated and lawless nature of the part of rural Virginia which they so inhabited, both in terms of the populace who gave lip service to proselytizing and psychopathic pedagogues who were all for show, in terms of what they themselves did in secret - after all, such men had to drink off the hangover they got from attending church, but also in terms of the very real, and very livid undercurrent of darkness which existed in his society. It was about one such individual to the two spoke as they walked through a field to a small shack on land owned by victor as they made their conversation.

"Do you now understand why I asked you here?"

"As it concerns the target? I reckon he’s got some secrets."

"Precisely. Did you see how he groped that choir boy’s ass? Little faggot that one." "Have you briefed the others?"

"That I have"

"I can see the headlines already - pederast priest murdered by lone crazed madman," victor sneered,

"Of course given the numerable tips that the police have already received, they will not be want to look into the case."

"Particularly as we have already given them William as a suspect."

"William? That old hillbilly can barely string together a sentence. Something’s not right in his mind."

"He did time a couple years back. Five year sentence, released early on good behavior. He bricked a kiddy diddler. He’s quite a moral fellow."

"Very astute observation. And Steven’s been imploring him with whiskey at the bar. He does have his tendency to run his mouth about such things."
"More importantly his disdain for the pedophilic degenerate is already well known, of course he hasn’t done anything yet, he’s old and frail now, couldn’t beat a twelve year old in a fight."
"But the rumors do exist, concerning this two faced priest. The police haven’t convicted him yet, but the rumors get out, the word gets out."
"People turn a blind eye."
"They always do, but we’ve got our patsy."
"Do we proceed then?"
"Pederast priest gets murdered by lone crazed madman, old drunk is too inebriated to know what he’s doing half the time, believes that the devil made him do it, judge secretly commends his honorable and righteous conduct of removing such a godless and despicable individual from society, but puts him away, meanwhile the real culprit remains unseen."
"Absolutely swimming."
Victor took a final drag from his burned out cigarette singing his finger tips with a familiar and outworn heat as the noxious and carcinogenic odor of death entered his lungs, flicking the remnant of his smoke during such conspiratorial conversation to the soil, and snuffing it out summarily with the heel of his combat boot, as he marched to the prepared vestige for the dark ceremonial ordnances of that evening, the sun now careening

into 'twilight proper,' with the vestiges of a cloudless day descending into a moonless, starless night, taken up in their time spent hiking. They made their way into the cellar of the shack, uninhabited, and used only for one, singular purpose, of a horrific intention, a simple altar place had been prepared consisting of a large black tarp extended from the western wall draped over an old bench which had been washed with the piss of a prostitute who had gone mysteriously missing not long after their pursuing her cheap sexual services, likely an overdose in any case, or picked up by someone with bad intentions while hitch hiking, raped, and disposed of in some canyon, whatever it was, irrelevant to the two brothers in spirit (and decidedly, not a holy one) the bench had also been dusted with burnt parchment ash which had borne sigils of hostile intelligences communicating with humanity since at least the middle ages through blasphemous and inverted vectors of consciousness inimical to the human mind written in blood to sign the pact, and grave yard earth, creating a decidedly ominous and overbearing atmosphere, which was palpably felt by anyone in the room. The tarp itself simply bore a white devils trident, in cheap acrylic paint, which had been encrusted over with the blood of numerous self-inflicted ordeals in the depths of awful frenzy, and animal sacrifice, the residue of the latter oblations which, also stained the portion of the tarp which was upon the floor. Upon the bench rested a small incense holder made of stone, a ceremonial dagger, a chalice, a bottle of wine, and a handgun,

which had been legally purchased, and registered, to Cain, pursuant with local state laws. At this point, now focused upon the more serious aspects of their work, the time for frolic and folly aside, the men proceeded in absolute and resolute concentration, victor approaching the bottle of wine, uncorking it with a sound which would have been satisfying to him were it the time for drunken revelry, and pouring a small portion into the chalice, and resting such upon the altar. He removed an eyedropper bottle from his left pocket along with a small satchel of graveyard dirt and a blood-drenched cardstock about three inches off long bearing the demonic sigil of LUCIFER on one side and ASTAROTH in the other, professionally made, embossed with gold. Removing the dropper, he deposited a large quantity of drops into the wine he had poured, and then deposited the bottle back into his pocket, and re-corked the bottle of wine, into which he had added none of the hallucinogenic concoction. Cain, during this, had lit a coal using his zippo style lighter, and placed a large handful of a mixture of pine resin and henbane that was used as incense for the rite unto the coals, eliciting a strange fume of smoke which swirled through the air with nauseating shapes before the emblazoned icon of hell on the black banner before them. No words were needed, the ordinances of the rite already rehearsed beforehand. Victor grabbed the ceremonial dagger, and traced a pentagram in the air, visualizing it in his mind eye glowing with an eradiating black, letting off a spiritually carcinogenic and desolate pulse into the environment

around them as it evaporated into the air, acting as the gateway into the Nightside, the demonic planes, for the dark forces they sought to placate. He handed the dagger to Cain, who drew it down across his left forearm, and then down his bicep, the flesh blossoming open with a gradual trickle of red, and extended his wrist over the chalice of wine, letting the droplets fall, drop by little drop, into the chemical-cocktail, handing the dagger to victor, he proceeded to do the same, adding his own blood to the chalice until it had about overflown. They took the chalice them both, each holding it with each outstretched hand, and gestured toward the altar.

"With this we drink, to the fruit of thy womb, oh Lilith, mother of monsters, and to the rightful dominion, of your bloodline over Adam’s"

"And to the reign of the Lord of Sabbaths, the king of this world, synagogue of Satan, and we as his emissary"

They each took a sip from the chalice, letting the congealing and bitter metallic of blood and wine seep down their throat with an equally alluring and abhorrent quality, basing the chalice between themselves until the entirety of the cursed and chemically laced cocktail had been consumed in equal proportion by the both of them. As their consciousness began to withdraw from the physical around them, their bodies ever the more hollow and distant, as thousands of unseen unclean imps and

entities and spirits of the air began to take hold of them alike a swarm of mosquitoes devouring a being dry, they maneuvered their physical forms through the ritual chamber for the next stage.
"Powers of darkness, powers of night, darken my shield against the light," said victor, with a certain fervor and controlled frenzy uncharacteristic for his cold heart.
"Powers of darkness, powers of night, strengthen our attack against the light, sharpen our arrows for the fight," continued Cain"
"Powers of darkness powers of night, sharpen our arrows for the fight. ""Powers of darkness powers of night, sharpen our arrows for the fight."
"Powers of darkness powers of night, sharpen our arrows for the fight."

Victor would pick up the handgun, and waved it through the incense in a counter clockwise spiral motion, starting in the center, and moving outward, it seemed to trace an inky black ooze in the dim lighting of the air before them, while he did so, for three rotations, Cain repeated the words of the ENN OF BELPHEGOR. The handgun would later be gifted to William, in a legally viable, if off the records gun sale. Neither of the men had ever mentioned, encouraged, elicited, or prompted the idea in William. They had not told him to do anything. They had not entrapped him. They had done nothing illegal. Yet for some

coincidental reason, it was not a week later when the priest would be murdered, and William arrested for such, the gun bearing his and only his prints, and the priest dead in a puddle of blood. It would hit the newspapers for some months to follow, especially as rumors of a satanic cult linked to the murder began to crop up not long after William’s associates became known, but without any direct provable link or crime, it would be relegated to the tabloids, and the rumors eventually died off. As for William, he is currently being held in a maximum security penitentiary, soon to be transferred to a wing for the administration of medicine for chronically ill patients to advanced liver disease caused by his alcoholism. Cain would later go on to join the military. As for victor, his whereabouts are unknown, but rumors that he is perpetuating the same horrific deeds through means explicitly occult crop up from time to time, and it is possible that he is still somewhere out there, doing what he does best.

Blood – The Backwards Mirror

- Bartok Lycus

Many ritual evocations and rites of communion with the dark spirits require a bowl or goblet of water on the practitioners altar. Blood offerings to the entities or demons you are attempting to commune with or evoke is a surefire way to supercharge the magician’s chances of contact and success with his magickal intentions. When I was younger and equipped with less personal gnosis I wondered about the reasons for the frequent requirements of water and blood in magickal rituals. It was not any sort of internet research or reading of books that brought me to some form of enlightenment on this topic but an unforgettable experience. I was in the forest with a close friend of mine and we had both taken a hit of acid in my home about an hour earlier. I was struck with how gorgeous the trees looked to me and I had never noticed how many different shades of green there were. It was as if the range and depth of my perception of the color green had expanded greatly and this is a gift that has stayed with me ever since this event. The depths of the woods had taken on a decidedly psychedelic feel and I was staring in awe at the complex diamond-shaped fractals expanding in an immensely clear blue holographic sky. I was so engrossed by this

hallucinogenic majesty in fact that I had forgotten that I was in the process of urinating and leaked some onto my pant leg issuing forth a burst of amused laughter from my friend. I took out my cellphone and started playing the song “Stairway To Heaven” By Led Zeppelin. Since learning about the “Sad Satan” back- masked hidden message in this track I had grown a deeper appreciation for the song and its ominous undertones. We were standing in a depression in the earth, a wide ravine filled with pebbles, pine needles, fallen trees and broken branches. For a while we contentedly conversed in bliss, eventually commenting our surprise of how much of an organic high resulted from a synthetic chemical. My friend who was wearing cargo-shorts began to climb a small hill but slipped and fell. When he rolled over he discovered a large splinter had penetrated into the soft flesh of his left calf and he was bleeding from the wound. He made a sound of distress followed by a few panicked curse words. I went to go investigate the damage that was done. As my friend looked at the wound and the piece of wood embedded into his leg his worry and concern increased. Due to the hyperbolic nature of hallucinogens I could not gauge the seriousness of the wound at first. In the first thirty seconds of staring at the wound it appeared to me as a mighty spear that had nearly severed his leg. I was also mesmerized by the pool of blood that was forming on his flesh. I had never seen blood like this before, it was profoundly mystical. The nature of the blood was so multi-dimensional as to appear close to infinite. A crimson liquid rose

blooming ecstatically and swallowing itself effortlessly in a type of loving cannibalism and then blooming again even more vivid and vibrant than the first manifestation. I watched the elegant dancing of the ripples across the surface of the blood, they were like beckoning portals opening and closing and closing and opening again, speaking a superior language, the most vital dialect. I realized that my heart was pounding in my chest but it was not an altogether unpleasant sensation. My body was flooded with both adrenaline and euphoria simultaneously and it was a shock to my system. With fear in his eyes my friend asked me how bad it was. After some deep breaths and concentration I soon came to the realization that his wound was superficial and nothing to worry about instead of a mortal affliction and I assured him that he would be fine. From this event I was taught a valuable lesson: The precious and sacred nature of blood and water and how they are satellites to both the profane and the divine. Blood and water are not only symbolic of life but the very fuel of life itself. Both blood and water are sentient conduits to the higher arcane realm of which our mortal coil is but a diluted shadow and corrupted reflection. There is no physical link to this mighty Netherworld and its supreme primacy rooted in eternal infinity, no solid bridge to take us over this frightful chasm of realms. Blood and water are the portals and lines of metaphysical communication in which we commune with inter-dimensional beings, this communion would not be possible without them. Blood and water are the backwards mirrors giving

us glimpses back to our primordial source and point of origin. Take the time at some point to collect some of your own blood in a goblet after a session of bloodletting, stir it in the container with a knife and then just observe intently and deeply meditate upon the odd and alien behavior of the enchanted sanguine puddle. Do the same with a glass of water and marvel at how both blood and water flow in a rhythm of immortal thoughts.

The Blood of The Underworld is Restless and Bids You To Drink Deep

Iron Swords II

- CT Blueblood

In the obsidian heart of the chasm, the clayborn shell of Ahmed, now possessed by the malevolent spirit of the Golem, ascended with a chilling, menacing grace. His form towered over Weyland, a dark silhouette against the glow of the moon, before crumpling to a kneeling position, a grotesque parody of devotion. "Command me, Master," it rasped, the voice a symphony of ancient, forgotten tongues. Weyland's eyes, like pools of black ice, regarded the monstrous creation with a perverse satisfaction. The Golem, a being forged from the dark arts and ancient rituals, wore the guise of Ahmed, now a silent watcher tasked with unraveling the web of treachery spun by Khalil, who was a serpent planted by foreign intelligence into the CIA's garden of secrets. The life of Khalil was fraught with peril, but it also provided a veneer of respectability and access. Khalil, ensnared by his work for his Palestinian handlers, then the CIA as a double agent, but also his own ambitions, perversions and greed, would never suspect that his every move was being watched, his every secret laid bare. The Golem would be his shadow, a silent operator, ensuring that his traitorous actions

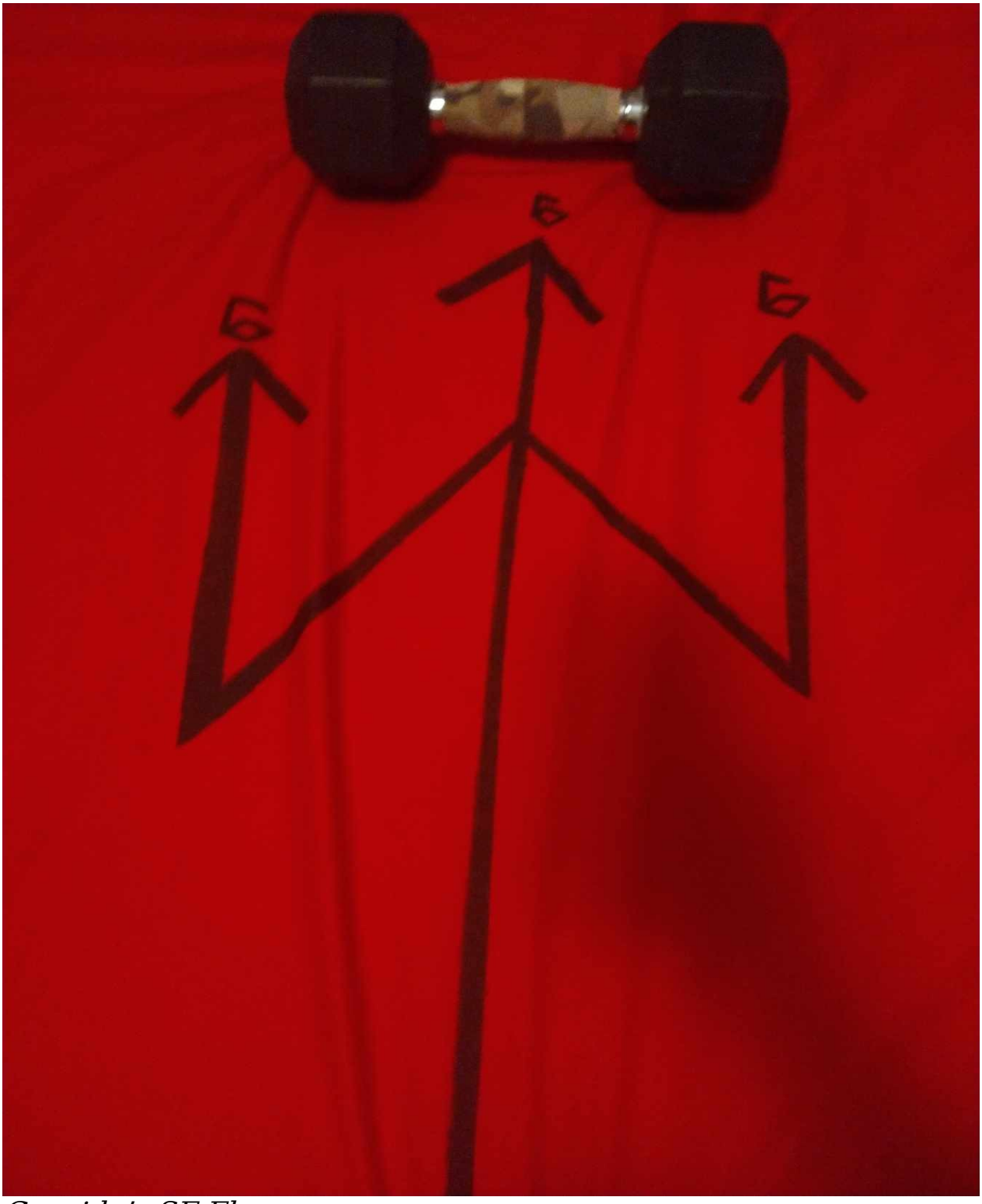
would not go unpunished. The puppet strings of the Satanic Front would dance, unseen and unheard, as sentinels in the halls of power.

"Go now to Khalil," Weyland commanded, his voice a low, ominous rumble. “… and report back to me upon the full waxing of the next moon,” Weyland said pointing to the night sky.
The Golem rose, its movements jerky and unnatural, like a marionette controlled by an unseen hand. It lifted a single arm, straight and rigid, in a salute that accompanied a chilling oath.
"Long live the Satanic Front!" it declared, the words echoing through the chasm like a dark prophecy.
"Long live the Satanic Front!" Weyland responded, his voice dripping with malice. The Golem turned, disappearing into the shadows, ready to embark. The Golem inhabiting his jettisoned body was a perfect replica of Ahmed, and now he stepped into the opulent mansion that the target called home. Khalil, draped in silk and surrounded by the trappings of his wealth, looked up as the Golem entered.
"Ahmed," he said, his voice slurred with drink. "You're home late. I trust your... assignments are going well?"
The Golem's lips curled into a cold, calculating smile. "Father," it said, the voice a chilling echo of Ahmed's. "My work is progressing as planned. There are... developments that require my attention."
Khalil's eyes narrowed, but he said nothing, turning back to his

drink. The Golem moved through the estate like a shadow, its eyes and ears absorbing every detail. It saw the signs of corruption, the whispers of conspiracy, the secrets that could bring empires to their knees. The Golem's eyes, cold and empty, regarded Khalil with a focused professionalism. It would play the part of the dutiful son, the loyal squire, while it watched and waited. The Satanic Front's tendrils would wrap around this house, this family, and slowly, inexorably, they would squeeze. As the days and nights went on, the Golem moved through the mansion like a shadow, its eyes and ears absorbing every detail. Khalil's every move was scrutinized, his every moment of existence mentally archived. Therewith, the double agent and his ring of recruits were penetrated, and there would be no escape from the darkness that had come to claim them now. And it reported back to Weyland at the appointed time, as a silent, unseen scout in the darkness. The Golem's surveillance was unyielding, its vigilance unbreakable. The Satanic Front's web would grow one thread at a time, until it ensnared them all. The mansion, the family, Khalil’s Palestinian handlers, the ring of recruits—all would fall under the shadow of the Satanic Front, and the dark forces that sought to destroy them from within. Weyland sat in his rural abode positioned high in the mountains just outside of Washington DC. The room was dimly lit, and he was in his study at a large oaken desk. On it stood a surface holder for a large black horn currently housing a frothy beer. Weyland drank of the horn and wiped the remnants from his

thick salt and pepper beard while staring at a series of cast runes engraved into animal bones thrown randomly upon a bleached leathern hide allocated for this specific purpose. He selected the bone which bore the sign of algiz. With his other hand he opened a manila colored folder, “Top Secret” stamped upon it. Khalil’s dossier. He took the algiz bone and turned its arms towards Hel, and placed it upon the paper clipped photo included.

“Luzifer, leite unsere Hände.”



Cyanide's SF Flag

Lift For The Front!

Cyanide's SF Flag Presiding Over The Dehydrated Plains- Growing Like a Diseased Organ.

Nature Is Satan’s Temple

Cry Havoc and Let Slip The Dogs of War....

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A rough example of the Satanic Front uniform. Boots should be black jungle boots or black and green. Pants should be olive drab green. Military jacket should be green and beneath it can be work a brown BDU shirt. Gloves can be either black, green or

brown in color. Gaiter must be brown and can also have a black or red trident superimposed upon it.

Thank you for reading The Blighted Path-Volume One- Issue Two – Walpurgisnacht Edition! We will haunt you again with Issue Three of The Blighted Path on Midnight of September 1st…..Until then EVER-FORWARD INTO PANDEMONIUM! HAIL SATAN!

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